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SIXPENCE.

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HER SON'S V.C.: THE KING PRESENTING THE VICTORIA CROSS TO THE MOTHER OF A FALLEN HERO.

On November 16, the King performed one of the most gracious and touching acts in the story of the war: the presentation of Victoria Crosses to parents and next-of-kin of soldiers who had won the great decoration for valour, but had not lived to wear it. The recipients attended at Buckingham Palace, where they were received with the customary royal courtesy and sympathy. Our illustration shows his Majesty presenting the decoration to Mrs. Warner, of St. Albans, to whose son, the late Private

Edward Warner, Bedfordshire Regiment, the Victoria Cross was awarded for most conspicuous bravery. Others who received Crosses were the mother of Captain John Franks Vallentin, South Staffordshire Regiment; the mother of John Cornwell, boy on H.M.S. "Chester"; the mother of Private Edward Barber, Grenadier Guards; and the mother of Captain Theodore Wright, R.E. Mrs. Walford received the Cross awarded to her husband, Captain Gerth Neville Walford, R.A.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SUCH people as the Conscientious Objectors might be very amiable people if only they had any consciences. But it is literally true that right and wrong are to them like red and blue to a blind man. I am willing to listen patiently to those who say they are suffering for a principle; but they seem to suffer chiefly from not knowing what a principle is. Take, for instance, the plot of certain Pacifists to whitewash the Prussians in Belgium. I will not speak of the methods by which this Prussian picture was painted on the spot and brought back to England. But take the substance of the pleas themselves, the nature of the case which such sophists make out for the aggressor and the tyrant. The arresting quality of that case itself is that it is intrinsically immoral, inherently indifferent to the point of justice and injustice. For instance, the Pacifist earnestly explains that the invader did not burn a fourth of a neutral city, but only a sixth: I forget the precise fraction, and (being myself the possessor of a moral sense, however battered) I am cheerfully content to forget it. Now, if such a Pacifist heard that his own house had been set on fire merely for fun by his next-door neighbour, I think he would regard the fact as more important than the fractions. Suppose the Pacifist saw a private enemy in broad daylight deliberately run into his motor-car and wreck it (this sort of Pacifist is almost certain to own a motor-car), I do not think that, when he picked himself up out of the road, he would argue about whether a fourth or a sixth of the machinery had been damaged. If the Pacifist went to his own stables (he probably has stables) and found a humorous fellow laming the horses by cutting off their legs, I fancy he would not (in the heat of the moment), count the limbs very carefully, or make quite sure whether he was meant in the future to ride a horse with two legs or a horse with one. The fractures, not the fractions, count.

Well, it was not the limbs of horses but the limbs of human beings that the Teuton barbarians cut off in the villages and fields of Flanders. It was not uncommon for them to cut off the hands of a baby; but I have no doubt that some of these strange English humanitarians will tell us eagerly that the phrase has been misunderstood. They will assure us that the Germans only cut off one hand of one baby, and were careful never to cut off both hands of the same baby. They are very methodical, and they may have gone on the principle that half a baby is better than no infanticide. And yet all this naked and frantic criminality is not the largest matter to which the Pacifist immoralism is blind. The worst crime committed by the Germans in Belgium consisted of being in Belgium, just as certainly as the worst crime of a housebreaker consists in breaking a house. When the lady to whose proceedings I have alluded attempts to suggest that the German invaders did not do much to Louvain, she executes a sort of symbolic dance of the moral anarchist. She does not see that to do anything to Louvain was to do much to Louvain, and more than can ever be wiped

out. The fun of the situation is, of course, that it is precisely these people who are conspicuously incompetent to understand that morality exists as an idea who are conspicuously talkative in lecturing us about moral idealism. The fact suggests a picturesque reconstruction of Nathaniel Hawthorne's weird and graceful fancy called "Transformation." Hawthorne imagined the utterly unmoral man as a kind of Faun—the re-birth of that remote Greek ecstasy which conceived a hilarious hybrid of a goat and a god. He conceived that if such a creature could reappear, he would rejoice in nature and in man as a part of nature; but would be unable to understand that profound truth of religion—that nature itself is only a part of man. The unmoral man has reappeared after all: the Faun is among us. But he does nothing so sensible as dance all alone in the forest or roll in the grass like a young colt. The unmoral man lectures on the higher morality; he writes laborious books about international ethics and economics; he is less likely to be found in a cavern than in a college. He does not look very like a god, and he has a new way of playing the goat.

of the foreigner on the soil. Prussia has bribed the Belgian with a university; but she has not abandoned the claim to beat him with a stick. She has flattered the Fleming by calling him a German; but she is treating him as if he were a negro or a Chinese coolie. The race of Teutons does not count for very much the moment it is convenient to create a race of Helots. The German Government is taking its labour precisely as the blackest slave-raider in Africa takes it; and that not among dubious or hostile savages, but among Christian neighbours and neutrals. And when he was asked to defend this indefensible thing, he said something that is almost too good to be true.

He said—he really and truly said—that if the Belgians had been left behind they would only have hung about public-houses. This is the sort of thing which does indeed advance, if not the brotherhood of men, at least the brotherhood of prigs. It is a sacrament of that universal modern religion of which the festival is not All Souls' Day, but rather All Fools' Day. Some of our philanthropists and social reformers, I suppose, will instantly become Pro-Germans and ardently wish they could become Germans. But the development of this doctrine among the Germans themselves will be the most entertaining to watch, for the application of it to their own apologetics is obviously infinite. By such efforts the Teutonic reformers will in time give us a wholly teetotal Belgium; and the excessive consumption of beer will be as unknown in Flanders as it always has been in Germany. Seriously, however, the old Germany of the "beer-duel" was a cleaner place than the Germany of the teetotal Emperor and the hygienic professor. When the German was drinking, drinking, drinking, as the song says, he may not have been a

dignified object; but when he is only thinking, thinking, thinking, he is not only less genial, but actually less sober.

For the rest, as I say, the practical applicability of the excuse seems quite unlimited. Sailors are left to drown because sailors hang about public-houses; soldiers are gassed, for fear they should hang about public-houses; the working-classes in the London slums are pelted with bombs from a Zeppelin because it is notoriously their habit to hang about public-houses; and Nurse Cavell was shot because she had let men escape without exacting from them a pledge never to hang about public-houses any more. They cut off from the child the right hand that might offend by carrying his father a pot of beer; and they nailed up another child on a door, like a bat or an owl, in order to make it impossible for him to enter the inn and be contaminated by the conversation in the bar-parlour. I have heard arguments in England on this subject which were mentally, if not morally, of similar value; and some of our philanthropists are almost capable of sending men to the gallows to save them from the tavern. If you are hanging on a gibbet, it is quite impossible to hang round a public-house.



RECAPTURED BY THE ALLIES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CAPTURE BY THE SERBIANS ON NOVEMBER 19, 1912:
MONASTIR—A GENERAL VIEW.

A French communiqué of November 19 stated: "Troops of the Army of the Orient entered Monastir at 8 a.m. to-day, the anniversary of the taking of that town by the Serbians in 1912." This event was rendered possible by the fine victories of the Serbians advancing from the east, while a Franco-Russian force came up from the south. Monastir, which has been called the key to Macedonia, lies in a gorge about 2000 ft. above sea-level. Commercially, it is the second town of Serbia, after Belgrade, in importance, and has a population of about 60,000.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

It is probable that the prig has a native sympathy with the Prussian; it is certain that the Prussian has just lately been using one of the favourite arguments of the prig. It is one of the best and worst jokes of the war; but it needs a little prefatory explanation. The men of Belgium are now quite literally enslaved. I say quite literally, and the point is of rather pressing moment. One thing which our Pacifists and cosmopolitan idealists were very fond of saying was that a foreign government was no worse than a native one. The poor man was coolly informed that he would be no worse off under German than under British authorities. The poor man was not in the least impressed, for the poor man is far too close to realities to despise ideals. A man does not live for life, like a vegetable, but for a view of life; and the view is like an English landscape. But leaving the materialism, and therefore the muddle-headedness, of this view out of the question, it is not true even in the external and practical sense. Being conquered seldom means being well governed, and never means being secure of good government. Even where the conquered man has been accepted as a citizen, he can afterwards be used as a slave. If anyone doubts this, what is happening in Belgium at this moment will end his doubt, and teach him all that our fathers meant by the fear

A REIGN OF MISERY: THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR; AND HIS HEIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 2 SUPPLIED BY STANLEY; 3 BY PIETZNER.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH'S HEIR, REPORTED RECENTLY TO BE ABOUT TO BECOME REGENT: ARCHDUKE CARL FRANZ; AND HIS WIFE, ARCHDUCHESS ZITA.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA, WHOSE DEATH ON NOVEMBER 21 AT SCHÖNBRUNN CASTLE WAS ANNOUNCED ON THE 22ND.

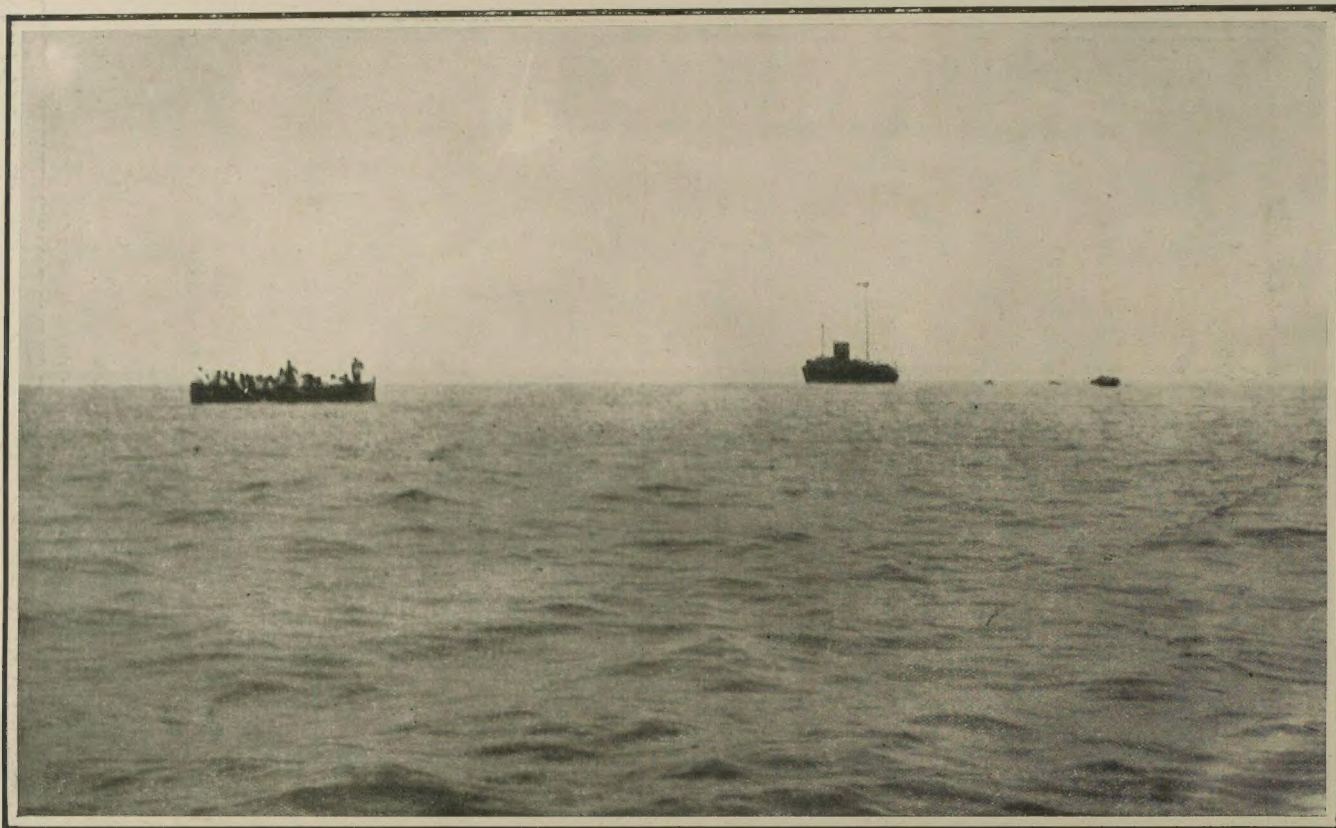
It was reported in a Reuter message of Wednesday, November 22, that the Emperor Francis Joseph died at 9 o'clock on the previous evening at the Castle of Schönbrunn, and the same news was given in a wireless message from Berlin. Thus passes out of European history one of the most sinister figures of modern times, whose reign and private life had been a long succession of tragedies, culminating in the great war which was largely due to Austrian aggressions. At the end of a career of misery, the Emperor Francis Joseph has left his country in a state of chaos and under the dominance of his



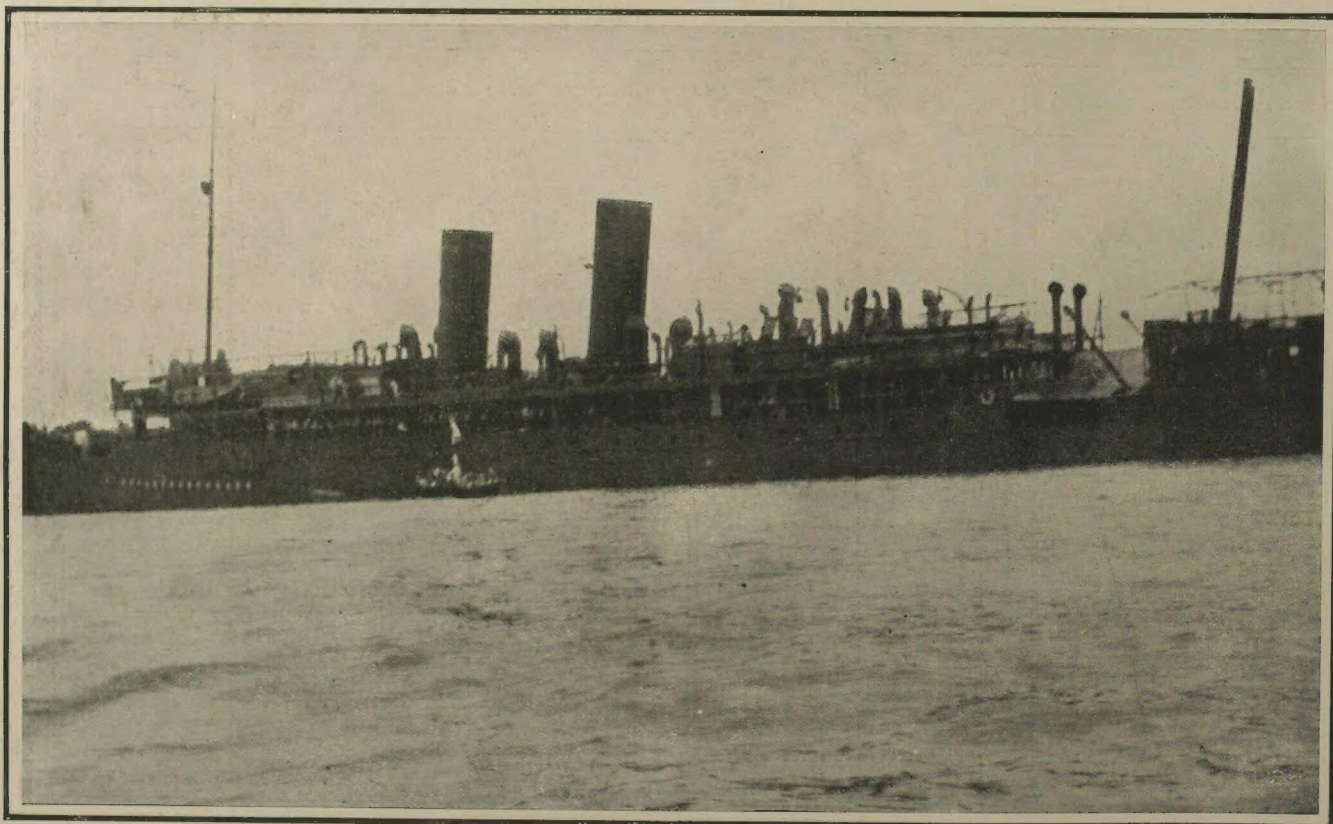
LEAVING HIS COUNTRY UNDER GERMAN DOMINANCE AFTER PLUNGING EUROPE INTO WAR AT THE END OF A TRAGIC REIGN: THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

overbearing German allies. He was born on August 18, 1830, and was thus in his eighty-sixth year, the oldest of European Sovereigns. He acceded to the throne, at a time of revolution, on December 2, 1848. The Emperor's successor is his nephew, the Archduke Carl Franz, who is now thirty. On November 17 it was stated that the Emperor would issue, on December 2, a proclamation largely increasing the rights of sovereignty of the Archduke Carl Franz, who would in future "have charge of affairs of the realm conjointly with the Emperor." This would have amounted practically to abdication.

ANOTHER LINER TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING: THE "ARABIA."



"ALL THE (437) PASSENGERS HAVE BEEN SAVED": RESCUE-BOATS FULL OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN LEAVING THE "ARABIA" SOON AFTER SHE HAD BEEN TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE, WITHOUT WARNING.



"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST": A WOMAN BEING LOWERED INTO A BOAT FROM THE P. AND O. LINER "ARABIA" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN TORPEDOED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It was no fault of the German submarine which torpedoed the "Arabia" that the passengers on board did not suffer the same fate as those of the "Lusitania" and so many other helpless victims of Germany's murderous outrages at sea. By intention, the attack on the "Arabia" was one more case of wholesale massacre of civilians, women and children included. The official account of the event issued by the Admiralty was as follows: "The homeward bound P. and O. mail steamer 'Arabia' was torpedoed

without warning and sunk in the Mediterranean about noon on November 6. The vessel had 437 passengers, including 169 women and children. All the passengers have been saved by various vessels which were diverted to the scene of the disaster. Two of the engineers are missing, believed killed by the explosion; all the rest of crew saved." The "Arabia" was on a voyage from Sydney to the United Kingdom. The German Government tried to excuse the infamous crime by issuing an official statement that

(Continued opposite.)

GERMANY LIES AGAIN! THE "ARABIA" NOT "A TRANSPORT."



IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE THAT THE "ARABIA" WAS A PASSENGER SHIP: A BOAT-LOAD OF SURVIVORS, INCLUDING MANY WOMEN—AMONG THEM LADY GRAHAM.

Continued.

"on November 6 a German submarine sank by torpedo a hostile transport ship of about 12,000 tons, eighty sea miles west of Malta." The Admiralty's comment was: "This is an obvious attempt to explain away the outrageous and inhuman act of torpedoing a mail steamer without warning. The only ship sunk in the Mediterranean on November 6 was the P. and O. mail steamer 'Arabia,' of 7933 tons, which was sunk without warning about 300 miles east of Malta." Among the passengers in the boat shown on the

right-hand page above is Lady Graham, widow of the late Sir James Graham, formerly Lord Mayor of Sydney. She is seen on the right, seated with her back to the boat's starboard side, and raising her right hand, next to a man in a sun-helmet holding an oar. Lady Graham stated that four or five trawlers came up very soon after the passengers took to the boats. Everything was done quietly, and splendid discipline was shown. "My boat," she said, "and two others were picked up by the 'City of Marseilles.'"

THE CAPTURE OF MONASTIR BY THE ALLIES: THE

FRENCH OFFICIAL

FRENCH SIDE OF THE FRANCO-RUSSO-SERBIAN ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS: A FRENCH GUN NEAR THE SERBIAN FRONTIER.



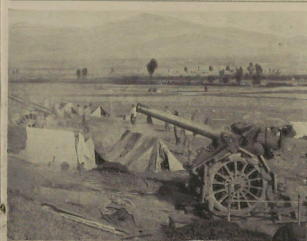
THE BATTLEFIELD ON THE MONASTIR FRONT: REINFORCING.



FRENCH ARTILLERY IN ACTION NEAR THE SERBIAN FRONTIER.



THE FRONT LINES: INFANTRY MOVING ACROSS OPEN GROUND.



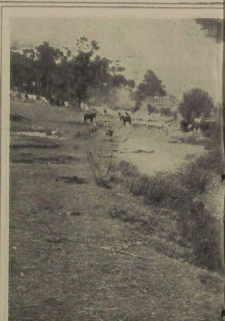
TWO "120" BATTERIES FIRING ON THE MONASTIR FRONT.



FRENCH COLONIAL FORCES NEAR MONASTIR: IN A RAVINE 2000 FT. UP.



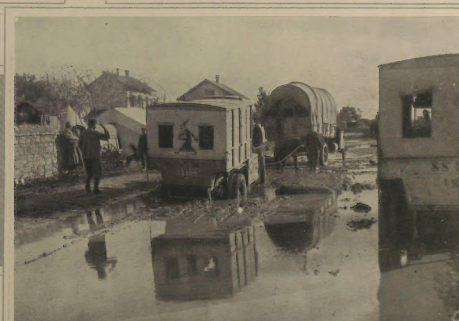
WITH THE FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT: BULLOCK-DRAWN CONVOYS CROSSING A FORD.



FRENCH TRANSPORT WAGONS ON THE MONASTIR FRONT.



A SUPPLY CONVOY RESTING IN A MACEDONIAN LANE.



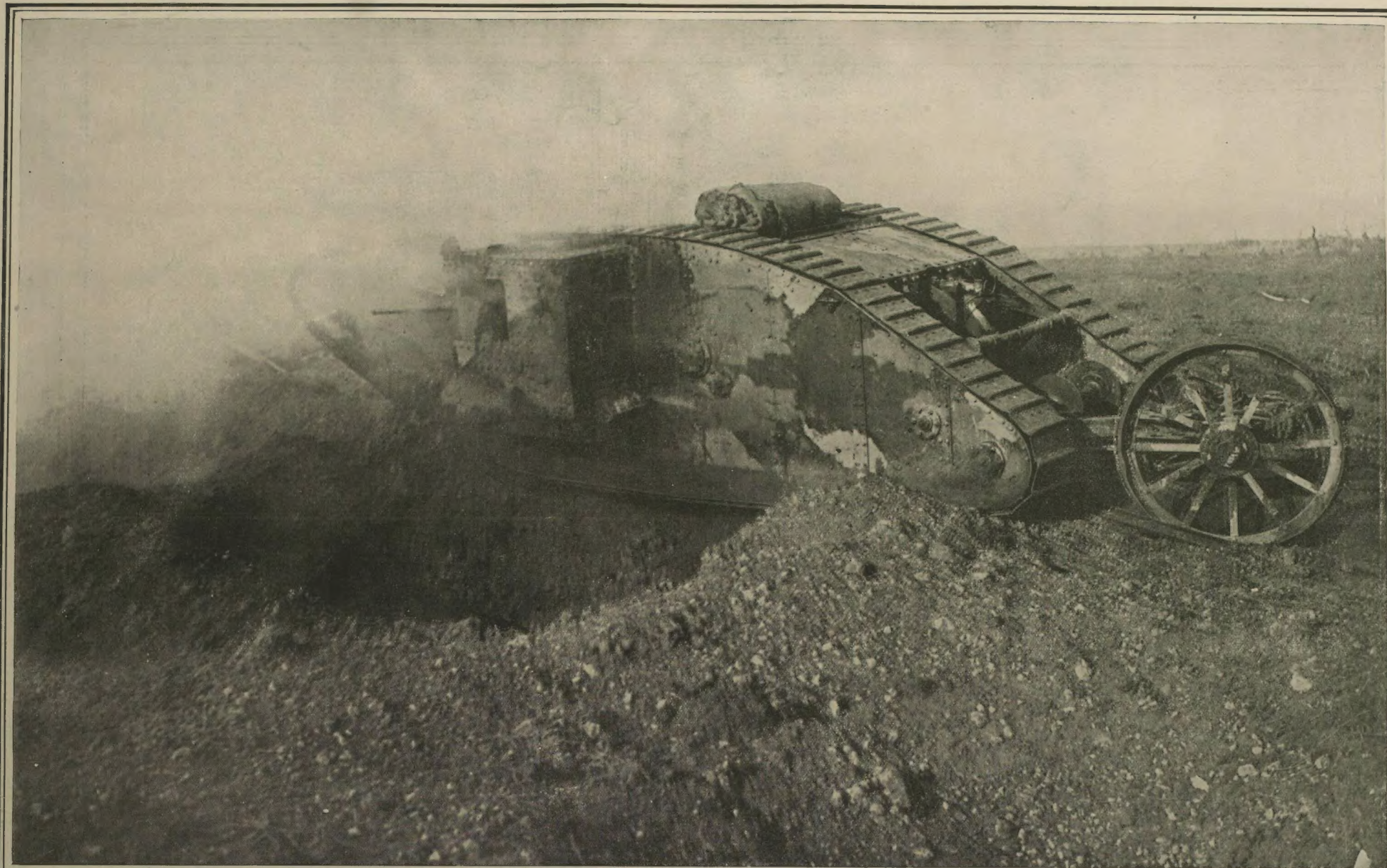
ONE WITH A DECORATIVE FIGURE: PAINTED FRENCH AMBULANCE WAGONS WATER-LOGGED.

The capture of Monastir was the culminating point of many weeks of hard fighting by the Allied troops in Macedonia. While a Franco-Russian force was moving towards Monastir from the south, the Serbians were advancing from the east, and it was their series of fine victories in that mountainous region—at Mount Korymbakhalan, the Chukar heights, on the Tzerna River, and at Ikon—which rendered possible the occupation of the town. The French forces entered Monastir on the morning of November 19, exactly four years after its capture by the Serbians from the Turks in the First Balkan War. In this connection it is interesting to recall the statement made to the Press by the Serbian Minister in Paris after receiving the news of the fall of Monastir. "Serbian Macedonia," he said, "is now sure for ever, delivered from the Turks and defended against the Bulgarians. It has cost much,

but less than in the Balkan War. To-day it is a Serbian General who is being chased from Macedonia, and the struggle has become European. The work accomplished is indelible. It is the Eastern which is re-establishing the Serbian people as a barrier against German expansion to the Aegean Sea. No one will again risk the breaching of the rampart. The capture of Monastir will have its effect on future events in the Balkans and at Salonika. The words of General Sarrail that he would enter Monastir before the winter appeared audacious in view of the difficulties." As mentioned on "Our Note-Book" page, where a view of Monastir is given, it is the second town in commercial importance (after Belgrade) in Serbia. Its fall must be a great blow to the Bulgarians, who had long coveted it, and will have a strong moral effect in the Balkans.

A TANK IN ACTION: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "NEW TYPE OF HEAVY ARMoured CAR."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, NOV. 25, 1916.—628

A TANK REVEALED: ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S LAND-SHIPS, WHICH "EAT UP" TREES AND HOUSES, AND CRUNCH IRRESISTIBLY OVER TRENCHES, GOING INTO BATTLE.

Hitherto the celebrated Tanks have been almost as mythical as the various mythical monsters—Leviathan, Behemoth, and so on—to which they have been so livishly compared. Now, at length, it is permissible to publish illustrations of them as in themselves they really are. The Tanks were first officially "mentioned in despatches" on September 15, when, in a communiqué from General Headquarters in France regarding the great British advance which opened on that day, it was stated: "In this attack we employed for the first time a new type of heavy armoured car, which has proved of considerable utility." This brief

allusion was much amplified by the correspondents. The Tanks have been described as able to knock down houses and trees, and crawl over trenches and shell-craters, spitting fire, and impervious to anything but a direct hit from a big shell. The Germans call them "Panzerkraftwagen," and hold them in due respect. Officially, they call themselves His Majesty's Land-Ships (H.M.L.S.), and each has a name, such as "Crème de Menthe," "Cordon Rouge," etc. Their numerous nicknames include "Crocodile," "Rhino," "Humming-Bird," and "Willie." They are painted with "protective" colours.

BUGLERS PLAYING TO A DYING FRENCH HERO: HIS LAST REQUEST.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



CHEERED BY HIS REGIMENT'S FAMOUS "SIDI BRAHIM MARCH": THE DEATH OF AN OFFICER OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS.

The commanding officer of a battalion of Alpine Chasseurs stationed in the Vosges fell mortally wounded on a road in an exposed position. As it was discovered that his case was hopeless and that life was ebbing out, he was asked what his last wish was. "Let the buglers come," said the dying officer, "and sound the 'March of Sidi Brahim'." The buglers came, placed themselves round their chief, and sounded the glorious march, while he sank into death lulled by the strains of the martial music of his Chasseurs. The name of Sidi Brahim was given to that march in commemoration of the desperate defence offered by three companies of Chasseurs of the Montagnac column attacked by

a swarm of Arabs under Abd-el-Kader during the Algerian conquest, on September 22-23, 1845. Most of the little column were massacred. The survivors took refuge in the mosque of Sidi Brahim, a neighbouring village, where they held out, without food or water, for two days, and then cut their way back to the French camp. In the present war the 6th Company of the 7th Battalion of Chasseurs performed a similar exploit in the Vosges last year (illustrated in our issue of August 14, 1915) and were honoured by being officially named "the Company of Sidi Brahim." The dignified and touching incident we illustrate may well become historic.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHEN COMBLES WAS STORMED: THE MOMENT

DRAWN BY H. W. KORKOR.



ON OUR ARTILLERY FRONT DURING THE BARRAGE BOMBARDMENT WHICH CUT OFF THE GERMAN

"More than 2500 rifles, four flamethrowers, and many thousands of rounds of artillery ammunition and grenades were taken by us at Comblès, where our Allies have also made large captures of material." So Sir Douglas Haig reported in his despatch, after recording the capture of Comblès at the time of the Thiepval victory. Comblès was taken by the British and French in co-operation, attacking from two directions. The entire German garrison of the fortified village stronghold, which the enemy had made both a big place d'armes with elaborate underground defence works and also a central ammunition and stores depot, was cut off by the barrage fire maintained up to the last moment before the Allied double attack. The enemy was overpowered and practically all shot down, the few survivors being made prisoners. The bodies of between 1500 and 2000 Germans were found in the

BEFORE THE BRITISH BARRAGE FIRE LIFTED.

FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.

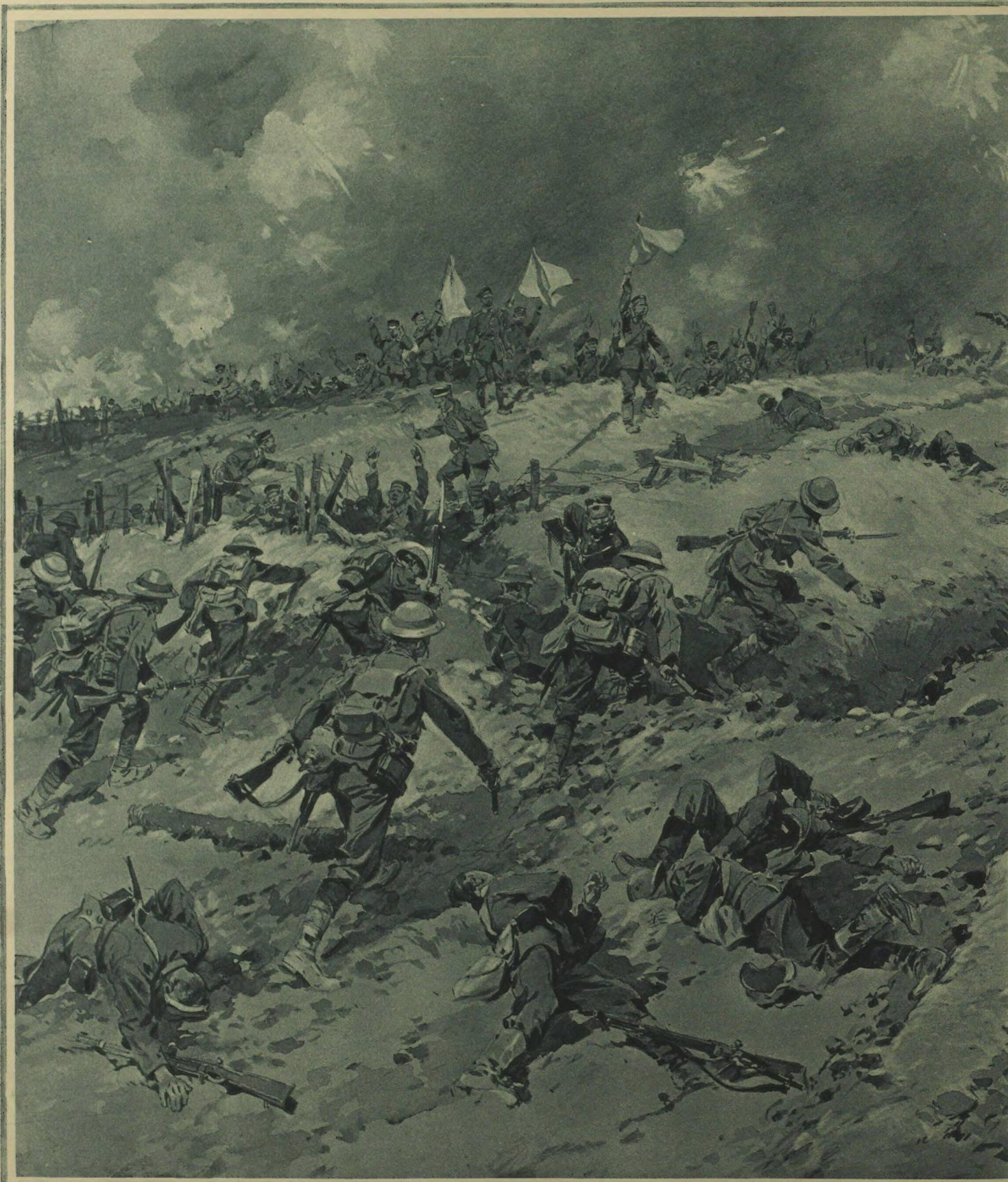


GARRISON IN COMBLES: THE BARRAGE ORDERED TO LIFT, FOR INFANTRY TO ADVANCE.

streets, houses, cellars, and dugouts at Comblès. Our illustration shows the British attack opening. The exact moment is indicated by the officer seen standing up on a battery cartwheel a little to the left centre. With one hand raised to attract attention (holding a megaphone), with the other he holds to his lips his whistle giving the signal for the barrage fire to lift and let the infantry go forward. All along the general line of background are our heavier guns, ranged in close formation. Overhead, to the left, are some of our kite-balloons, "spotting" and range-checking. On the right in the background infantry in extended order are advancing. Some may be observed threading their way through the mass of our guns. Other infantry (in the right foreground) are making their way along a trench with a Lewis automatic gun. To the right centre is seen a big shell crater.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE STORMING OF SCHWABEN REDOUBT: BRITISH INFANTRY

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN



THE SURRENDER OF THE FRONT GERMAN LINE AT THE SCHWABEN REDOUBT: WHITE FLAGS

The Schwaben Redoubt was one of the strongly fortified positions of the German line, and was the scene of stubborn fighting. Our illustration shows British infantry carrying the summit, where the ground was a tangle of trenches and pits. Three white flags were raised at different points by the enemy, to indicate the surrender of their front line. Meanwhile, isolated encounters were going on in various places. In the background is seen the smoke of the British artillery's barrage fire, working ahead of the infantry advance. An official British communiqué regarding this battle said: "To-day we attacked the Schwaben Redoubt, most of which is in our hands. During the past twenty-four hours in this area nearly 600 prisoners have been taken. The Redoubt occupies the crest 500 yards north of Thiepval, and represents the highest ground on the Thiepval Spur, with a full view over the northern valley of the Ancre." A day or two later it was officially stated: "We increased our gains at Schwaben Redoubt, only a minute portion of which remains untaken." Describing the original attack, a "Times"

CARRYING THE SUMMIT—A TANGLE OF TRENCHES AND PITS.

FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.



RAISED BY THE ENEMY AS THE BRITISH ATTACK REACHES THE CREST OF THE RIDGE.

correspondent writes: "The barrage lifted for a moment, and we knew that the infantry were going into that hell of smoke and fire and death. We saw the cloud spread northward as our guns increased their range to positions beyond, and, as the wind drifted the smoke away, the region on which our storm had first broken came out peacefully into the sunlight again. Our men had gone beyond it. Presently on that same region the enemy's shells began falling—sure sign that it was our ground now and not his—and still the tide of battle moved on. Ever northward the curtain of our bursting shells passed steadily, until it engulfed only the further side of the Redoubt and down to the German first line on the Ancre. . . . We broke through the position at the cemetery, and stormed into the Redoubt. . . . All the ground from here down to the valley is a maze of trenches, the German front line which he has held for two years, and all the support lines and communication trenches and strong points with which in that time he has supplied himself."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE ON THE

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



CHARGING BEHIND A BARRAGE: THE

The capture of Thiepval—which had been made a veritable fortress, and for weeks blocked the progress of the British at an important point in their advance in Northern France—was surely one of the finest storming exploits of the war. The immensely strong position was won after a prolonged and terrific bombardment of the German lines by our artillery, followed up by the infantry, who took the place at the point of the bayonet. Much fierce and protracted hand-to-hand fighting inside the German fortifications took place, but in the end the enemy were mastered. Our illustration shows the battle at its height—just as our men in their victorious march were breaking through the German outworks and had already won a

WESTERN FRONT: THE TAKING OF THIEPVAL.

FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.



STORMING OF THIEPVAL BY BRITISH TROOPS.

feeling within the fortress itself. They are seen charging through; following up the barrage fire of our guns, which preceded the storming columns closely, continually lifting over short spaces ahead, as every few yards of ground were carried by the attacking infantry. Leading the infantry, our bombers are seen to the left, going forward with impetuous dash. The explosions and smoke from the barrage fire can be seen towards the background to the left. To the right may be made out the remains of Thiepval Chateau—a heap of masonry debris. In the foreground is a wounded German; passing near him is a British soldier, seen wearing sand-bags instead of puttees.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)

GERMANS SURRENDERING PASS THROUGH BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING: A DRAMATIC INCIDENT AT THIEPVAL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.

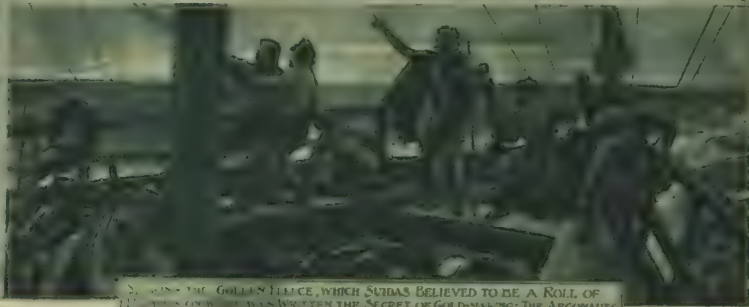


VICTORS AND VANQUISHED: BRITISH INFANTRY ADVANCING ON THIEPVAL ALLOW SURRENDERING GERMANS TO PASS THROUGH THEIR RANKS UNREGARDED.

At the taking of Thiepval, that stronghold which the Germans had considered impregnable, the remnants of the German infantry in the front line trenches, who escaped from the barrage fire with their lives came forward with their hands up, as shown in the drawing, and passed through our advancing infantry, who took no notice of them at all, towards safety in the British lines. The German on the right in the picture, it may be noticed, is wearing his steel helmet the wrong way round. Among the shattered trees in the background on the left are seen the bursting shells of the British artillery's barrage. The ground is all full of shell-holes and littered with all kinds of debris, wire, and broken guns, as well as men lying wounded or half-buried in the turn soil. An official British despatch regarding the victory, it may be recalled, stated: "On our left we have captured Thiepval and the high ridge east of it, including the Zollern Redoubt. This ridge was very

strongly fortified with an elaborate system of heavily wired trenches, and was defended with desperation." Of the prisoners captured at Thiepval Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "I have been talking with the German survivors of the garrison. They were nearly all men of the 18th Regiment, and they have held Thiepval for two years. . . . I was struck by the superior bearing and intelligence of them all. They were certainly the best type of Germans I have seen on this front—Weissenbergers all, and handsome fellows, who had kept their spirit—one of the best groups of men who fought against us in the early days, and survivors of the first-line troops of the German Army. . . . They gave us a good fight on land, and underground, this garrison of Thiepval, and with a few exceptions they fought honourably, so that our men have no grudge against them now that they are prisoners of war."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.FINDING THE GILLEAN PILLCE, WHICH SUDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE HOURS OF WAR WORK.

THE Minister of Munitions tells us that, to reach the output on which he has set his mind, he will require at least 350,000 more men and 100,000 more women. As we know from other sources that under the substitution scheme

it is this last which really sets the time. A good manager or supervisor will, of course, speedily discover those workers who from no fault of their own, but from what is called the personal equation, are below normal in this respect, and will set them to work by themselves. After this weeding-out, he will be left with a fairly level team of equal speed, and the question before him will then be how much

the willing, but is, on the contrary, only evident in the dropping-off of the speed of his work; and this is borne out by Professor A. F. S. Kent's report to the Chief Inspector of Factories on the association between fatigue and output. It follows, therefore, that, in order to get the maximum result of his or her effort, every worker should leave off work before he or she begins to be tired; and this means short shifts.

Here, however, the difference between the sexes begins to complicate matters. Dr. H. M. Vernon, in a memorandum to the Health of Munition Workers Committee, showed by the amount of power used that women are at least seven minutes longer in starting on machine work than are men. Consequently, the more you multiply the number of spells or pauses in the work, the greater number of seven-minute periods you lose in working time when women are employed, and this mounts up to something serious in the course of the day. It is true that, according to the same authority, they work right up to the end more than do men; but as this mainly comes into effect at the end of long relays or shifts it need not, perhaps, be considered here. The net result is that, if you want to get the best result from women's labour, you must make them work without ceasing for a considerable period of time.

Another point is that a "spell off" of at least one day a week is necessary in the interest of the work. Sir Arthur Whitelegge, in his report as Chief Inspector of Factories for 1915, shows conclusively that for either men or women to work for seven days a week in the long run reduces, instead of increasing, his or her output over that of those who only work six. The whole result, therefore, seems to be that, while we all want the maximum amount of work at this crisis to be done at the greatest speed possible, we can only get this by working in as short shifts or relays as may be found expedient with regard to sex and skill. But this all points to a shorter day than even the eight hours which our workmen in time of peace set before themselves as the ideal condition, and which may, perhaps, be dealt with later.

F. L.



IN TOULON HARBOUR: A FRENCH SUBMARINE.

French Official Photograph.

a very large number will be required in other occupations to release—as it is patriotically called—all the fit men between twenty and forty for military duty, it follows that pretty nearly the whole civil population not incapacitated by age or infirmity, with the exception of the few left in the learned professions and those necessary for direction and supervision, will before long be employed in some form of manual labour. Hence the conditions in which they work are of considerable interest for most of us, and the Government has done wisely in setting Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and other popular writers to describe them. On the whole, their accounts are satisfactory enough, and no one can read the eloquent articles they have written on the subject without noticing that everything has been done by regulation and inspection that it is possible to do for the comfort of the workers.

he can get out of them in a given time. This is not so simple as it looks; for, as Professor Stirling has just told us in his Chadwick Lecture, fatigue is not at first consciously experienced by

What remains, however, from the State point of view is the problem of how to get out of this vast body of (for the most part) amateur workers the maximum amount of efficiency in the discharge of their work. This is not a counsel of perfection, but is the very essence of the business, and of the most vital importance for everybody at the present juncture. If the reserve of weapons, munitions, and equipment that our armies require can be accumulated quickly, it will not only bring our final victory nearer, but will release the civil population to its own normal occupations and will lessen the enormous drain on the national finances that the war involves. It is actually a case of a stitch in time saving nine.

Now this speeding-up is much more than most of us would suppose a matter of arrangement of the hours of work. Given the maximum of good-will—which we may fairly assume in the present case—it is plain that in all labour in concert the quickest must conform to the pace of the slowest, and that



FOR SALONIKA: TAKING "75s" ABOARD AN AUXILIARY CRUISER AT A FRENCH PORT.

French Official Photograph.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., WALTER BARNETT, WHITLOCK, AND NAUDIN.

			
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Major Aytoun was the son of Mr. Robert Aytoun, Stockton-on-Tees, and his engineering knowledge was "of very practical value to his battalion."—Captain Falkner previously held a commission as Captain, but enlisted as a private to get into the firing-line.—Captain Herschell was the brother of Mr. Arnold Herschell, the County tennis player.—Major Wellesley was twice mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the Military Cross.—Captain and Adjutant Westby served with distinction in South Africa.—Lieut.-Col. Dalzell-Walton served with distinction in Burma and South Africa.—

Sec. Lieut. G. K. Welsford was school champion light-weight boxer, and swimmer, at Harrow.—Captain Oliver J. Sykes was late Accountant-General of Kashmir.—Captain Bagshawe was the son of the late Judge Bagshawe, K.C., and served with distinction in South Africa; mentioned in despatches, Queen's medal, with two clasps.—Lieut. Stuart Boyd was well known as a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, and was the son of the well-known artist, Mr. A. S. Boyd.—Lieut. Willoughby Chatterton was son of the late Mr. George Chatterton, M.I.C.E., of The Sanctuary, Westminster.

LITERATURE.

Lord William Beresford. There are certain men and women whose lives, though hardly demanding the honours of a biography, deserve some wider record than can remain in the minds of their immediate circle. The late Lord William Beresford, V.C.,

irresistible. He had the Irishman's gift of repartee, though Mrs. Menzies hardly succeeds in justifying the title of wit that she confers upon him. The truth is that the world loves daring, dashing personalities, and there was ever a touch of d'Artagnan about Lord William that appealed equally to the three Viceroys under whom he served in India as Military Secretary, to stern soldiers like Kesteven Buller, and, at home, to all classes of society. He was fond of what modern slang calls "ragging." Horse-racing in all its forms was his favourite pastime, but, stirred by any great occasion, he could at once cease to be a racing man and show himself something infinitely greater. Had serious responsibilities rested upon Lord William Beresford, he would in all probability have travelled even farther than he did, for his life gives evidence of quite elastic capacities. He would have made a fine leader of men: there was in him that which all daring seeks to emulate. Mrs. Menzies has written with great affection, and something less than an equal capacity. Sentences like the following, for example, would certainly be the happier for revision: "India felt lonely when he had gone, especially amongst some of his 'fair' friends" (page 188). But those who loved Lord William Beresford will offer thanks rather than criticism in return for the author's labours.

"The Romance of Escapes." Mr. Tighe Hopkins has found a very attractive subject in "The Romance of Escapes" (John Murray). When we consider how appropriate its title is, and how inappropriately named would be a volume on "The Romance of Captures," we get a clue, perhaps, to the nature of romance itself. It holds a success and a surprise; it is, when fulfilled, the very negation of tragedy, and yet contains an experience to have failed in which would have been tragic. Mr. Hopkins's book is much more than a compilation, though composed for the greater part of famous incidents, already detailed in printed narratives from which he quotes copiously. Upon these historic flights he supplies, as

his sub-title has it, "a personal commentary"—quasi-philosophical, variously illustrative of the matter in hand, and in manner always brisk. One point which he makes—artfully helpful to him as story-teller—is that in every fine escape there is some signal and memorable moment, though it is not always, and need not be, the culminating one of the adventure. Louis Napoleon, when crossing the courtyard of the prison at Ham with the plank on his shoulder, stooping to pick up under the eyes of the sentries the broken pieces of the pipe he had dropped, is a case in point. That was a master-stroke. Another general principle of escapes discussed by the author is one enunciated by Dr. Guède—that every celebrated case, when analysed, discovers, in addition to adroit combinations, and superhuman efforts, patience, and perseverance, the fact that the hero is aided by the connivance of some person or persons within or without the prison. This arises out of the dubious narrative of Giovanni Jacobo Casanova de Seingalt, who does not admit, though Mr. Hopkins thinks it is certain, that the sequins flowed into the pocket of the egregious gaoler Lorenzo. To this law of connivance, the cases of Mary Queen of Scots at Lochleven, Grotius at Loevestein, Trenck at Magdeburg, Latude in the Bastille, all lend support. Jack Sheppard, on the other hand, broke out of



WITH THE ITALIANS AT THE FRONT: A FLEET OF CARS CARRYING LARGE GUNS.—[Photograph Supplied by Topical.]

for example, was one who would never have claimed that the story of his career could fill a book; but his friend Mrs. Stuart Menzies, thinking differently, has rendered him posthumous honours nearly seventeen years after his death. "Lord William Beresford, V.C." (Herbert Jenkins) is a collection of "memories of a famous sportsman, soldier, and wit," and has been written by a loving hand. Perhaps the volume has not gained its considerable bulk without padding—in fact, it may be said that the general interest of certain chapters is to seek—but presumably what may not appeal to those who did not know Lord William will be sought eagerly by those who did, and his circle was a wide one. Some men go through life making a great name and no friends; he was content to maintain his name honourably and make friends everywhere. An Irishman of the best type, generous to a fault, brave as the bravest, reckless perhaps and extravagant, he was eminently responsible in the big affairs of life. It was his gift to radiate personal charm, to delight all sorts and conditions of men—even those to whom his life interests were foreign. Above all things, he was a sportsman; he loved horses and rode them straight, chose them with care and raced them honourably. His career as a soldier was brief, but the dash and daring he brought to active service were

his 'fair' friends" (page 188). But those who loved Lord William Beresford will offer thanks rather than criticism in return for the author's labours.



ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: SERBIAN ARTILLERY IN ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY.—[Official Photograph.]

Newgate (and not once only) unaided, and there are other exceptions to the general rule. Of classic examples, Captain (now Major-General) Aylmer Haldane's escape from Pretoria already counts as one. Its hero has sent

(Continued overleaf.)



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“The old proverb says :—‘ Believe not all you hear, and tell not all you believe.’”

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Continued.

Mr. Hopkins from France a postscript for the story, telling how both his companions in that adventure are now dead. Captain Neil le Mesurier falling at Ypres in April of last year. For this entertaining book (which ought to have had an index) Mr. Hopkins has searched his subject very thoroughly, but he has not exhausted it. There is available at least one story of escape in the Mutiny days which would have given still further variety to his readable pages.

"Portraits of the 'Seventies,'" famous Mr. Russell—the "G.W.E.R." whose books

are almost as lively and informing as his table-talk—might have shirked the writing of "Portraits of the 'Seventies'" (Fisher Unwin). The 'seventies, one would have said, were finished with. They commenced the chapter which Mr. Shane Leslie rounded off the other day in "The End of a Chapter"; and though they made in a sense a decade of beginnings, they were, it seems, full of elderly people. Judging from the photographs in Mr. Russell's volume, everybody was elderly forty years ago. While his prose is charmingly genial, and persuades one that the befringed ladies and frock-coated gentry carried, in their day, the authentic roses of youth, the photographs themselves create a stubborn illusion. Here, for instance, is Lady Spencer—"Spencer's Faerie Queene"—robed in a large check and coiffured in hair that suggests a twenty-five shilling lodging-house rather than the Viceregal Court. Anne, Duchess of Sutherland, whose firmament of diamond stars and whose impressive figure adorn the letterpress, looks, in the picture, the least decorative of great ladies; that "glorious hostess," Constance Duchess of Westminster, nothing more than "correct" in the illustration. Mr. Russell describes as beautiful beyond any beauty that France could produce, and possessed of a manner that shepherded the most diffident of her thousand guests into a haven of self-assurance. But here, apart from the unconvincing pictures, Mr. Russell's adjectives and anecdotes are difficult to reconcile. When he describes her she is glorious, radiant; when he quotes her, all she has to say is: "My

dear, I wish I had a new pair of feet; you young people don't half waltz." Sometimes, obviously, the illustrations do less than justice to Mr. Russell's heroines. Lady Somers, for instance ("the first woman in London to drape herself; the rest of us only dressed"), appears in a drawing that makes far more of her hair-net than of her incomparable grace. Thus it is that Mr. Russell is, from the picturesque point of view, at a considerable disadvantage. But he has seen the generations with his very eyes. He does not, like some folks, form his opinions on the strength of the carte-de-visite albums. He knows the

on illustrious medicine-men; on Lord Acton, "a gossip diligent in collecting information, political and personal, and eager, when it was *unimportant*, to impart it"; on Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose letter mentioning the Kaiser supplies one of the few topical allusions in the volume. When the Kaiser went from the Eton and Harrow match of 1891 to the "Zoo," Sir Wilfrid's comment was "it would be well, perhaps, if Emperors were kept in cages also. They would do less harm than when they are loose." Of Gladstone there is much excellent report, but the tale of him we like best does not come into his proper chapter, but in the account of Sir Andrew Clark, who evidently would have made a great statesman if he had not been a great doctor. Somebody expostulated with Gladstone for crowning a champagne dinner with port. "But Clark tells me," answered the G. O. M., "that if I allow ten minutes to elapse between the two kinds of wine, there is no mixture."

The war has had no ill-effect upon that ever-popular annual, "Holly Leaves," the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, the stories and illustrations of which are up to their usual high standard, and the Presentation Plate—another of the long series of historical war pictures which have been published annually with "Holly Leaves" for more than twenty years—is particularly timely. It is a fine photogravure reproduction of Lady Butler's vigorous and impressive painting, "Steady, the Drums and Fifes!" the scene of which is the battle of Albuera in the Peninsular War. Stories by

well-known authors, illustrated by clever artists, form the literary and artistic contents, the high quality of which may be judged from the list of contributors. Among the writers are: Eden Philpotts, W. Pett Ridge, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Barry Pain, and Keble Howard; while the artists include Fred Pegram, the late Cyrus Cuneo, Arthur Garratt, Balliol Salmon, and Stanley Davis, illustrating the stories; while humorous and other drawings are by Gordon Browne, R.I., Lawson Wood, R.I., Briton Riviere, R.A., G. E. Studdy, Charles Crombie, H. M. Bateman, Wal Paget, W. Barribal, and Fred W. Burton.



A DEAD VILLAGE AT THE FRONT: COMBLÈS.

French Official Photograph.

smart ladies of the present day, but does not feel inclined, like them, to dismiss the past with a comment of the dowdiness of those hair-nets. Indeed, he combines an extreme of fastidiousness with a most kindly knack of appreciation. The kindly knack, by the way, deserts him for the few pages on which he describes Parnell, "the uncombed King of Ireland," whose eyes "when he was angry, which was not seldom, seemed to emit a red light." To Mr. Russell, who watched him closely, "Parnell's master passion appeared to be the humiliation of England." Themes less stale are found in Mr. Russell's amusing chapter

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Woman Driver.

Although one sees a very much greater number of women at the wheel than in the days before the war, I do not think the increase is at all proportionate to the number of women who have taken the places of men in other occupations. There are several reasons for this apparent anomaly, for anomaly it is on the face of it. In the first place, many cars have been laid up as a result, in some cases, of loss of income due to the war. Many more have been laid up through sheer inability on the part of their owners to obtain petrol. Then, so far as public-service vehicles are concerned, the police authorities, in London at any rate, cannot bring themselves to look with a kindly eye on the licensing of women taxi-cab and motor-bus drivers. Most of the women drivers one sees are either driving their own cars in the absence of their men-folk on active service or are themselves working as ambulance drivers. In commercial motoring, women do not appear to have made any headway to speak of. I remember some time before the war there was quite a discussion on the subject of whether women ought to drive cars at all. Now the question seems to be: Why don't women drive cars? Personally, I believe the answer to be that the proportion of women who are really capable of driving is a comparatively small one. I have never been in accord with the extremists who laid it down that no woman ought to drive, for I have known quite a number who were really skilled, capable drivers. The measure of the skill of any driver, I think, can be gauged in terms of the confidence his passengers feel in his or her ability to drive safely. If that is so, then I have known several women drivers whose skill was beyond reproach, for they have been among the few in whom I had perfect confidence. I recollect driving with one once, and, through the carelessness of the driver of a wagon, we got into about as nasty a corner as I have ever been in without an accident resulting. Of course, the girl ought to have let go the steering-wheel and screamed. The emergency certainly arose suddenly enough to have excused anyone for a momentary loss of presence of mind. But, on the contrary, this girl did exactly the right thing, and saved what must otherwise have been a nasty accident. Therefore, the case as put, that no woman ought to drive, completely falls to the ground.



A "DAIMLER" MODEL: A CORNER OF QUEEN MARY'S WORKSHOP AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

The one-time palace of King George IV., the Pavilion, Brighton, has been turned to useful account and has long been used as a hospital for wounded soldiers. Our photograph shows a corner of Queen Mary's Workshop for the Wounded in this hospital; and as part of the equipment may be noticed a working model of a "Daimler" engine, lent by the well-known Daimler Motor Company for the instruction of the inmates of the hospital.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S WEDDING PRESENT TO HIS DAUGHTER: PRINCESS GEORGE OF BATTENBERG (COUNTESS NADA TORBY) ENTERING HER "NAPIER" CAR AFTER HER MARRIAGE. The most notable wedding of the year took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Nov. 10, and our photograph shows the bride about to enter the car which was one of her father's gifts to her. It is a fine "Napier," with a handsome Cunard cabriolet body. On this occasion it was drawn by bluejackets from Prince George of Battenberg's ship, H.M.S. "New Zealand."

On the other hand, I do not think the majority of women are fitted to withstand the constant nervous strain of driving. There certainly is a strain, and it is felt in varying degree by every car-driver. Some hardly notice it, while others feel it to a positively painful degree—and then, if they are wise, they give up driving. But it is certain that the number of women who feel the strain is proportionately much greater than among male drivers.

Women and Public-Service Vehicles.

Although I hold strongly that women are not inherently incapable of making highly skilled drivers, I do think that it would be a mistake to allow them to drive public-service vehicles. I know that in some places there are women taxi-cab drivers and I believe they have done fairly well—in fact, I should not be disinclined to admit them to the ranks of licensed vehicle drivers, provided they were confined to taxi-cabs and light vehicles only, and that their hours of work were strictly limited. Neither physically nor psychologically is the average woman fitted for long hours at the wheel in heavy traffic, with the additional strain on her nerves of "plying for hire." When it comes, however, to women taking the places of men as motor-bus and lorry drivers, then I am most emphatically against it, and that for very obvious reasons. I should say that those who advocate it have no idea of the severe physical effort entailed in driving these heavy vehicles. I should say that the average healthy woman would be converted into a physical wreck in a couple of months. However, I do not suppose for a moment that the Commissioner of Police would sanction the granting of licences, even if the motor-bus companies were willing to adopt the experiment. The heavy industrial motor is in a different category, in that it requires no special licence to drive it. Its owner can employ anyone he likes to drive, but he is not at all well advised when he hires a woman to conduct it about the highways. We are very proud of our women in these days, and with justice. They have done wonders, and have filled the most unexpected gaps in the social and industrial life of the country. But there are certain things they ought not to be asked to do—and one of them is the driving of heavy motor-vehicles. W. W.



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EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS

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Burberrys have designers and artists constantly engaged in making original drawings, which may be inspected at their Haymarket House, and the Gown or Coat ordered from one of these is, if desired, exclusive to that order.

New Models of many different characters are illustrated in Burberrys' Catalogue, sent post free on request.

Coats & Gowns cleaned by Burberrys. All Weatherproof Garments reproofed by Burberry processes. Price list sent on receipt of postcard.



A Burberry Gown of exceptional charm and distinction.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON
Poul. Malesherbes PARIS; Basingstoke; also Provincial Agents.

Lotus

125—21/-

Black Cloth
top Boots



Waited weeks for them

"OF course, you *might*," said the smart little woman, doubtfully, glancing down at her own neat, new, nicely fitting pair of Lotus cloth-top boots. "You might find a pair of your size still left in the shop. But I couldn't swear to it. Do you know, I've had my name down for these, oh for weeks? And I only got them the other day."

"But can't the shop send to the Lotus factory for more?" persisted the friend who wanted a pair too.

"No, I've had all that explained to me. The factory is so busy that it can't promise any more of these boots until after Christmas. You should go as soon as ever you can and see if there's a pair left in the shop. It is now or never if you are to get a pair for the winter."

"Well, I hope it will be 'now.' I'll go this very afternoon."

Lotus

Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford

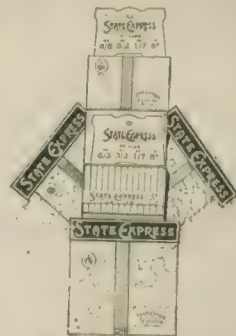
Manufacturers of Lotus and Delta Shoes Agents everywhere

Christmas in the Shops.

AGAIN this year Christmas presents will be expressive in their mute way of the manner in which the war has intensified the desire to be "remembered." And nothing could be a more eloquent expression of this feeling than jewellery. The show-cases at that storehouse of jewels, Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., prove this. The officer who is going to the front should see the rare jewels of which we illustrate just one or two. The long brooch is composed of an exceptionally fine emerald and of diamonds; the necklace is of fine diamonds; and the diamond ring on the left is an emerald, hope by which the fire and flash are emphasised. The fourth gem is a superb emerald surrounded by diamonds. Messrs. Mappin and Webb also offer an exceptionally fine row of specimen pearls which took ten years to collect. But they also offer pearl necklaces from five upwards and make a specialty of necklaces for children. A regimental

wristlet, of any regimental ribbon, with an initial in diamonds, costs five guineas; and there is a large stock of badges in gold and enamel, or mounted in precious stones.

The "boys" at the front, be they officers or men, will be in the thoughts of everyone at the present-giving season, and, if one is doubtful what to send them, the knot may be cut by a line upon that universal consoler—tobacco, in the fragrant form of State Express cigarettes. A box of Virginia

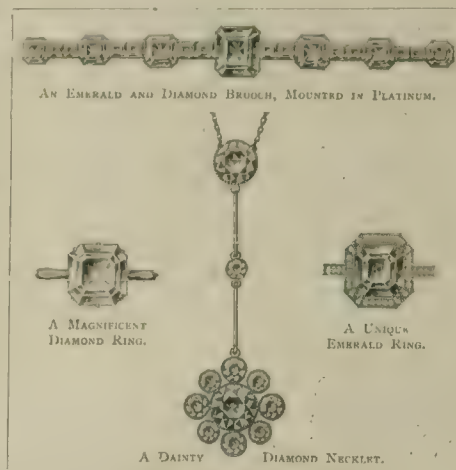


PRESENTS FOR THE FRONT: THE ALWAYS-WELCOME CIGARETTE.

(No. 555) or of Turkish (No. 444) will make equal appeal to the smoker who appreciates fine tobacco. They all love "The amulet." Their chests are moist and sorrowful, and among the most popular Christmas boxes are boxes of the State Express.

Beauty is a gift of the gods, and at times like this, when the world is full of hideous happenings, anything which can turn the thoughts to pleasant things is welcome. It is for that reason that

our women-folk should not neglect their appearance, but rather add little bits to be at their best to welcome their men-folk home. And a valuable aide in achieving this is



Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd.

the well-known specialist, Mrs. Adair, of the Adair, Ganesh Establishment, 92, New Bond Street, W. Her latest achievement is "Dara," a reliable home treatment for removing superfluous hair. Ladies who suffer from this disfigurement should write to Mrs. Adair for particulars, or call upon her at 92, New Bond Street.

Always a welcome possession, new virtues have been discovered in the fountain-pen by men at the front; and a fountain-pen, reliable and self-filling, will be one of the most welcome presents. Letters—never too long—from "Blighy," and letters, necessarily brief, from the front, are the greatest



SAFE AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT: AN "ONOTO" PEN.—Messrs. De La Rue.

palliatives of war; and an Onoto Pen, self-filling, safely stowed away in a pocket, is a real boon. Onoto pens can be bought at any stationer's or stores from 10s. 6d.

That no woman can be considered well dressed unless she is well dressed in one of those truisms which have passed into a proverb, and no one understands this to-day more keenly than the Englishwoman. Time was when Paris gave the lead in such matters, but to-day not even Paris could provide a well-dressed woman with anything at once more smart and more serviceable than a pair of Lotus cloth-top boots. These boots, which are as comfortable as they are good to look at, are in immense demand; but, fortunately, the Lotus Company, Ltd., of Stafford, have agents everywhere where their "Lotus" boots and "Delta" shoes can be obtained. But the demand is incessant, for "Lotus" 125, black cloth-top boots, cost only a guinea a pair, and no time should be lost in securing some for the winter. They look well, wear well, and are as suggestive of ease and comfort as their name. The Lotus factory at Stafford is very busy, and it is well to decide at once to buy these excellent boots, for just now it does not do to delay, even in so personal a matter as buying boots.

In these days the great majority of people, which means those to whom money is an object, will send, and receive, "useful" Christmas presents, among which few will be more welcome than tea. To ladies in particular, tea is an ever-welcome gift, enjoyed in the homes of all classes—high and low, rich and poor, regarding it as the one little necessary luxury of life. Fortunately, the United Kingdom Tea Company, Ltd., of the Empire Warehouses, 1, Paul Street, E.C., offer so many excellent varieties at so many moderate prices, and suited to every taste, that their price-list should be sent for, as in it will be found every kind, to suit all tastes, and at prices to suit all purses. For presents the teas are put up in decorated canisters, and delicious kinds can be bought from 2s. 4d. per lb., including the company's specially delicate "Volora" tea for invalids, which is 3s. 4d. per lb. But the interesting price-list should be sent for without delay, especially as it offers tea for hospitals on exceptionally favourable terms.



A FAMILIAR GROUP. The United Kingdom Tea Co.

[Continued overleaf.]



Bell's THREE NUNS TOBACCO

"I chose my wife," says the Vicar of Wakefield, "as she chose her gown—for such qualities as would wear well."

Choose your tobacco on the same principle, and choose carefully.

You will find in "Three Nuns" a perfectly harmonious blend of fine tobaccos—so wisely selected, so skilfully blended that a man may smoke it all his life and never tire of contemplating its many charms.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

PER **8^d** OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES
MEDIUM. 4d. for 10.

No. 500

Spinet

The SUPER
CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia,
Oval, Cork Tipped.

1/4 per tin of 20
2/6 per Box of 50



R & J HILL LTD
LONDON



THE "QUEEN ANNE" SIDEBOARD
in Mahogany with quartered panels, antique brass fittings
British Bevelled Mirror.

1 ft. 6 in. size:

£11 : 10 : 0

5 ft. size:

£14 : 17 : 6

**DEFERRED PAYMENTS.
DISCOUNT FOR CASH.**

Self Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom,
on receipt of first payment.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

Orders by post receive prompt and careful attention

Colonial and Foreign Orders especially dealt with.

FREE A Valuable Guide to Complete Furnishing. Whether you are
immediately furnishing or not, it will repay perusal. Write for
it to-day. **It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.**

GLOBE Furnishing Co.

(J. R. GRANT, PROPRIETOR)

(Dept. B), **Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.**

**Post early "Swan"
Pens for Xmas
to Service Men and
Friends abroad.**



Engraving on Pens

Names, initials, or monograms engraved on the pen
add a touch of individuality to the gift.



The charge is 1/-
for six letters or
less, and 2d. per
letter for each letter
over six.

Description of Pens illustrated:—

Size 1.—Barrel covered handsomely
chased silver ... 27/6

Size 2c.—Safety pattern with screw-
on cap, cannot leak ... 12/6

Size 2c.—Full-covered sterling
silver ... 32/-

For information by post only "Swan" Pens which makers
have put up their prices about 20%.

The Last Xmas of the War and an increased demand for "Swans"

The powerful interest of the Last Phase will enter into
the letters from the Front. Those with friends "out
there" will want more of these historic letters, and they
will want them in ink for clearness and permanency.
Realising this, you will see that your soldier is among
the many thousands who will receive "Swan" Pens
this Xmas. The "Swan" is the trusty soldiers' pen
—the one that suits him best.

Unsuitable nibs
may be exchanged
free of charge
after presentation.

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN.

Write for
Illustrated
Catalogue
Post Free.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE.

Standard Pattern with slip-on cap, from 10/6

Safety Pattern with screw-on cap, from 12/6

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester.
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329, Weston Street, S.E.

Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



Christmas in the Shans—Continued.

Comfort in war work, and even in the war area, is not wholly impossible, thanks to the makers of smart waterproof coats; and ladies who are working diligently in one way or another for the war, and whose efforts take them out in all weathers, know that they can brave the worst by doing as their men-folk in the Army do—adopt "Burberrys" as their safeguard against the inclemency of the winter. "Burberrys" have become a proverb with well-dressed women, for, while they afford perfect comfort and protection, they

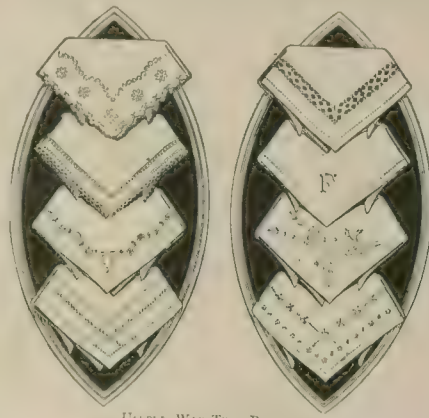
have the air of distinction only to be obtained by faultless cut and fit. Burberrys' weatherproofs, no matter what form they take—costumes, gowns, hats, or top coats—are always "good form," as their catalogue, which will be sent on application to Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W., will show. The well-dressed woman to-day is the woman who dresses wisely, taking care for her appearance, but at the same time studying her health. Exclusive, yet in the height of fashion, distinctive yet thoroughly practical, Burberrys are the ideal coats and costumes alike for the war area and for the



AN IDEAL WEATHERPROOF COSTUME WITH
ASTRACHAN COLLAR AND CUFFS.
Burberrys.

West End. Our illustration shows a "Burberry" costume and hat combining perfect taste with simplicity.

Again the coming of Christmas finds us at war, and a natural result is that "useful" presents are the vogue,



USEFUL WAR-TIME PRESENTS.
Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver.

such as the handkerchiefs found in infinite variety at the "Linen Hall," 156-170, Regent Street, W., where Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver offer a wonderful selection, including some of the linen handkerchiefs made on their own looms in Ireland. Our first illustration shows a lady's fine Mull scalloped embroidered handkerchief, costing 6s. 6d. per dozen; a superfine lace-edged handkerchief at 5s. 3d. per dozen; fine Mull hemstitched, embroidered handkerchiefs in assorted designs at 3s. 11d. a dozen; and a fine Mull handkerchief, tucked and reversed, at 5s. per dozen. Our second illustration shows a pure linen, fancy-stitched handkerchief at 10s. per dozen; one with embroidered initial, 12s. per dozen; a sheer linen embroidered handkerchief at 12s. 6d. per dozen; and an embroidered one of pure linen at 18s. 6d. a dozen. In the "Linen Hall" are also all kinds of knitted wool waistcoats, khaki sets of comforts, and other special presents for troops. Catalogues will be sent on application.

The vogue of the cigarette has never been so great as it is in this time of war and worry. To-day, too, we have the super-cigarette, in the form of the "Spinet"

brand of fine old Virginia cork-tipped ovals, made of super-selected tobacco, and blended by a firm with nearly a century and a half of experience. They are not dear, enamelled pocket cases of twenty costing only a shilling, or fancy boxes of fifty half-a-crown; and they can be had, through any tobacconist, specially packed for officers and men on active service. Each tin or box contains a reproduction in facsimile of some famous painting. The makers are Messrs. R. and J. Hill, Ltd., Badminton Tobacco Factories, London.

For obvious reasons there never was a Christmas season in which there was so great a demand for inventions designed to alleviate the condition of the suffering and the wounded, such as are the ingenious apparatus made by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, W. Their "Burlington" adjustable reclining chair, for example, is a real boon to those who are invalided by illness or by the fortune of war, and, by its easy adjustability to any desired position, the occupant is able to read, write, sit up, or recline at will, and the adjustments are effected by simply touching a button, when the back assumes the desired position automatically. Messrs. Foot and Son make a host of other equally valuable automatic rest-chairs, couches, reading-stands, bed-tables, bath-chairs, and apparatus for minimising the sufferings or inconvenience of those who are ill or wounded, and their illustrated catalogue should be sent for. In this will be found illustrations and full technical particulars.



AN INVALUABLE BOON FOR INVALIDS: THE BURLINGTON ADJUSTABLE
REST CHAIR.—Messrs. J. Foot and Son.

of a great variety of the company's invaluable inventions, adapted for all imaginable cases. [Continued overleaf.]

JUBOL

CLEARs THE COMPLEXION.

Constipation
Hæmorrhoids
Enteritis
Giddiness
Insomnia

Sallow Complexion
Coated Tongue
Fœtid Breath
Pimples
Boils



The regular use of JUBOL keeps the complexion clear, the eye bright and the skin soft, smooth and flexible.

If you want to be perfectly healthy, take one tablet of JUBOL every night.

"You would not need to use cosmetics to 'improve' your complexion if you followed my example and took JUBOL every night."

MEDICAL OPINION:

Sufferers from ECZEMA should bear in mind the fact that JUBOL has almost entirely superseded the use of ordinary purgatives and laxatives, owing to the regularity, constancy and unvarying action of this medicament. No matter how stubborn the condition of constipation, or how irritated the intestine may be, JUBOL is always well tolerated.

G. LEGEROT,
Lect. in Physiology and Comparative Physiology at the "Ecole Supérieure des Sciences d'Alger."

JUBOL. Price 5/- per box. (Complete course of six boxes, 20/6.) Prepared by J. L. Chate-lain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free from the British and Colonial Agents, **Heppells** Pharmacists & Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, W., from whom can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies"; and "Treatise on Diet."

URODONAL

Dissolves Uric Acid

URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar; it cleanses the liver, purifies the blood and tissues, imparts suppleness to the arteries, and prevents obesity by oxidising fat.

URODONAL also cleanses the kidneys, which it frees from the presence of uric acid crystals and all the toxins and impurities which injure the renal tissue; it also removes obstructions.

Numerous experiments have proved the great efficacy of URODONAL and have established its constant action. Eminent members of the French Medical Faculty, as well as of other countries, have duly recognised the therapeutic value of URODONAL, which has likewise obtained the sanction of many leading members of the English Medical Profession.

URODONAL stimulates nutrition and modifies the arthritic diathesis. The children of arthritic parents undoubtedly inherit the tendency to rheumatic disorders, and URODONAL alone can counteract this.

Those who regularly take URODONAL avoid Rheumatism, Migraine, Gout, Sciatica, Stones, Obesity, etc., and maintain the youthful condition of their arteries.

It is always advisable to take URODONAL regularly, as there is always a tendency to an accumulation in the system of uric acid—that most pernicious of poisons.

URODONAL, prices 1/- and 2/-, Prepared by J. L. Chate-lain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists, or direct, post free from the British and Colonial Agents.

Heppells

Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.

Agents in U.S.A. Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A. Agent for Australia & New Zealand: BASIL KING, Malcolm Building, Malcolm Lane, Sydney (Box G.P.O. 2239).

Sub-Agents for India, Burma & Ceylon: G. ATHERTON & CO., 8, Clive Street, Calcutta.

**Eliminates Urea.
Stimulates the
Kidney Functions.
Dissolves Stones.**



Hors Concours,
San Francisco
Exhibition, 1915

Those who know and realise the pain and distress of uric acid diseases might well look upon URODONAL as the gift of an angel sent to relieve their sufferings, and safeguard them against future attacks of their dread enemy.

A Treat in store

You can taste the delicious Oriental fruits and spices which are blended with Pure Malt Vinegar.

Everybody likes the new and delightful flavour of the one and only

H.P. SAUCE

Buy a bottle to-day.

Of all Grocers.

The R.N.A.S.

"One of my college chums chips me if the letters I have mean 'Rather naughty after sunset,' or 'Really not a sailor.' If being up at all times and in all weathers short of a hurricane, cruising through space at 100 per hour in an atmosphere that seems specially manufactured in the Polar regions is not seafaring, well—it's not exactly like lying in a feather bed in a hot-house, I can tell you. I'm not sorry to come down and 'thaw out' with the aid of a Cavander 'Army Club.' They're great—the finest I've struck yet; and you can go on smoking one after the other without a touch of 'nerves.'"



CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES

9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow (The Firm of Three Centuries, London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.)



Cavander's "Army Mixture"
7½d. per Oz.



FOR THEIR

BURLINGTON

Registered Brand of
Ladies' and Gent's
DISTINCTIVE FOOTWEAR



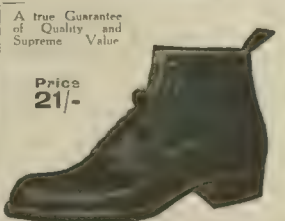
HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

Certificate of the
Institute of Hygiene



Stocked in a wide
variety of Stylish
Boots and Shoes.

Price
18/9



A true Guarantee
of Quality and
Supreme Value

Price
21/-

For stores where we have no branch,
goods will be sent by post on receipt
of order and payment.

FREEMAN, HARDY & WILLIS LTD.
LEICESTER. Over 470 Branches in ENGLAND

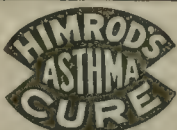
LLOYD'S IN TUBES, THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS

FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP WATER OR BRUSH.
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK. We bought the bar line & with the recipe, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executors of the late A. S. Lloyd. The Euxesis is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory & from all Chemists, Hardwaremen, etc.

Wholesale only: H. HOVEDEN and SONS, Ltd.,
Barners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.



"It Worked
Like a Charm"

writes a clergyman who
had suffered from Asthmatic
affection for fifty years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Tasteful Lighting.

THE most artistic and pleasing effects in the illumination of a Dining Table or a Drawing Room can only be obtained by the use of a soft light; otherwise subtle contrasts in light and shade are impossible. The mellow light of

PRICE'S CANDLES

(93 Awards)

casts the softest of shadows.

Its restful rays emit no enervating glare, while, to quote the words of an authority on the subject, "through hereditary association of ideas, its warm, orange-yellow colour suggests to the mind brightness and mirth."

Moreover, it is not an exaggeration to say that the softer the light the more brilliant the conversation.

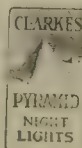
GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE SHADE CANDLES
for use under shades that descend automatically.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES
are especially recommended for general Dining and
Drawing Room use.

Of all dealers in High Grade
Candles.

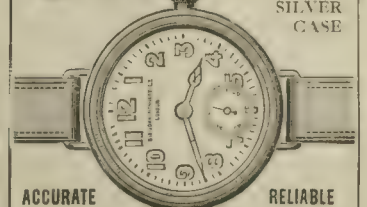
PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE
COMPANY LIMITED,

London, Liverpool,
Manchester, Glasgow.



SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

£3:0:0 IN STRONG
SILVER
CASE



ACCURATE RELIABLE

The "Service" Watch, with luminous figures and hands visible at night. The lever case, with lever movement and leather strap, resistant to rough wear. Air, damp, and dust tight.

£3:0:0

A large selection of other varieties from
£2 to £6

WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELLERY
of every description.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
65, Cheapside & 105, Regent Street,
London.

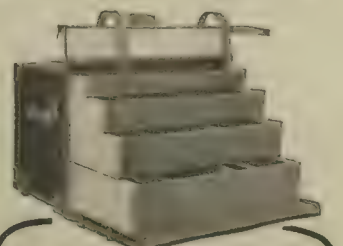
BEWARE OF
Umbrellas made
on Foreign Frames
THE VITAL POINT
in an UMBRELLA is
THE FRAMEWORK
INSIST ON HAVING

FOX'S FRAMES

UMBRELLA
& SUNSHADES
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.
LOOK FOR THESE MARKS

S.FOX & CO LIMITED
PARAGON
ON THE FRAME.

Purchase
BRITISH
Goods and
Refuse
all Sub-
stitutes



NO CRUSHING!
NO CONFUSION!

Every part is instantly get-at-able, the bottom being as accessible as the top. Any article can be removed without disturbing remainder of contents. Separate compartments for Linen, Under and Outer Garments, Articles of Toilet, Hats, Boots, &c.

IN SIX SIZES WITH 2, 3 OR 4 DRAWERS.

Write for Catalogue T.7. Sole Makers:

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

The war seems to have had a stimulating effect rather than the reverse upon that always popular publication, "Pears' Annual," for never has it been brighter or more interesting from both the literary and artistic standpoints than it is in this third year of the world-combat. "Pears' Annual" for 1916 is a vigorous, optimistic answer to the familiar question, "Are we downhearted?" and, as they would say in the House, "the answer is in the negative." Three fine presentation plates—"Reverie," by J. W. Godward; "A Bid for Friendship," by J. Sheridan Knowles, R.I.; and "The Match-maker," by C. E. Brock, R.I.—make wide appeal; and there is a delightful four-page supplement in colours by John Hassall, R.I., entitled "An Old-Time Christmas," and imbued with the old-time spirit. The cover is a reproduction in colours of a charming drawing by Frank Dadd, R.I., entitled "Home from the Wars, 1815," and is singularly apropos in this century-later crisis. The stories and poems are, as usual, well chosen, among the authors being Boyd Cable, Max Pemberton, and Keble Howard; and the illustrators include Frank Reynolds, R.I., Charles Pears, and other well-known artists.

Science, with its ready adaptation to small things and great, has achieved remarkable success in the production of imitation jewels, notably Sessel pearls, made with such skill that in delicacy of tint and even in durability they rival the real gems, while the cost is, by comparison, nominal. The possessors of pearls of price may find Sessel pearls an excellent substitute on occasion, as, should they be dropped or stolen, the loss would not be ruinous. A necklet with



"HOME FROM THE WARS, 1815"
The Cover of "Pears' Annual," 1916, by F. Dadd, R.I.

gold clasp is £4 4s.; or Sessel pearl ear-rings, studs, scarf-pins, or rings, with gold mountings, cost from £1 10s. A brochure, No. 18, will be sent by Sessel (Bourne, Ltd.), 14 and 14a, New Bond Street, W., from which dainty presents can be chosen.

A welcome Christmas present to everyone, young and old, here at home, and especially to our soldiers and sailors who are braving incalculable discomforts for Duty's sake, is one of sweetmeats; and of all sweetmeats none are more enjoyed than a tin or two of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe. Officers and men equally appreciate it, and it is mentioned with high appreciation in letters home. Its sugar, butter, and cream give it a perceptible warming and stimulating value as food, whether for children or grown-ups. It is made by Mackintosh, of Toffee Town, Halifax, and will be a welcome gift to any recipient, and to none more than to our soldiers and sailors, to whom it will be a seasonable reminder of "Blighty" and all that it means.

It is scarcely a poetical fiction that "the rain it raineth every day," for the dark days of December are upon us and there is little hope that the month will fail to live up to its depressing reputation. Fortunately, in small things as in great, manufacturing progress and inventive skill enable us to combat foul weather by the use of reliable and durable umbrellas, and the vital point in an umbrella is its frame. With a "Fox's Frame" umbrella, which is entirely a British production, the elements may be defied. With the name of S. Fox and Co., Ltd., and the "fox" trade-mark, even the month of wind and rain may be braved with impunity.



CRÈPE-DE-CHINE SUITS

Adapted from the latest Paris Models and made by our own workers from very heavy rich Crêpe-de-Chine.

CRÈPE-DE-CHINE SUIT, in very rich quality heavy weight Crêpe-de-Chine. Coat becomingly cut with narrow belt, pockets and fancy stitching, and finished with large collar of natural skunk fur. Full, well-cut skirt with pockets to match. In black, navy, and a few art shades.

PRICE **10½ GNS.**

EXHIBITION SALE OF ANTIQUE EMBROIDERY.

A particularly interesting collection of samplers, worked between the years 1650 and 1830, including many fine lace examples, is now offered for sale. Lovers of old needlework and embroidery are invited to visit the Antique Gallery, where many particularly interesting samplers, needlework pictures and panels are now on show.

Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street.
(Covendish Square) London, W.

A slogan from the front:
"The finest car on active service"



Will it be possible to get a new high-grade English car quickly after the war?

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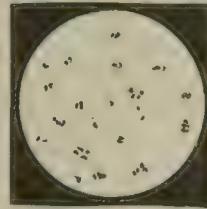
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3749 received from C A M (Penang), and Phieroz J Matri (Bombay); of No. 3741 from J W Beatty (Montreal); of No. 3742 from L Joffe (Wilmerding, U.S.A.), and J W Beatty; of No. 3743 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J R Jameson (Ferry Hill), F Amlap (Arcachon), and C Field (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3744 from P Cook (Birmingham), F G Crawford (Eambskillen), Captain J A Challice, E Bygott (Liverpool), Jacob Verrall (Rodenell), and W C D Smith (Northampton).

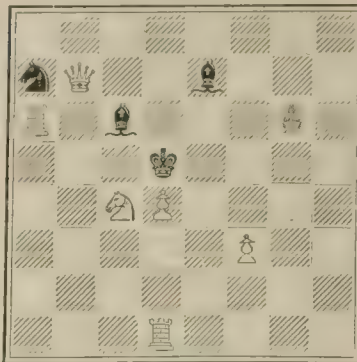
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3745 received from R C Durrell (Warrington), J S Forbush (Brighton), H Grasett Baldwin, Arthur Clarke (Kenington), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), George Somme (Stonehouse), and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3711.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 2nd. B to R 2nd
Kt (K 6th) to Kt 7th (ch). K moves
B or Q mates.

If Black play 1. B to B 2nd, 2. Kt (K 6th) to Kt 7th (ch); if 1. K to Kt 3rd, 2. B to K 4th (ch); if 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to Q 6th; if 1. P to B 4th, Q to Q 5th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to R 6th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3746.—By J. T. ANDREWS.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

We have received a brochure entitled "Chess Whimsicalities," by Expertus (Chess Amateur Office, Stroud). It is the work of a well known Chess journalist, and contains much lively humor with the ingenuity peculiar to problem composition. Around some critical phase of the game a story is spun which finds its climax in an apparently hopeless difficulty, from which extrication is found by means best understood by the lover of chess problems. As the pleasant companion of an idle hour, we can commend this little volume to our readers.

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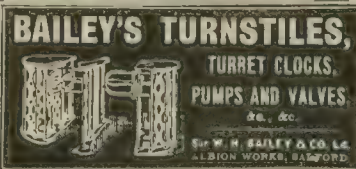
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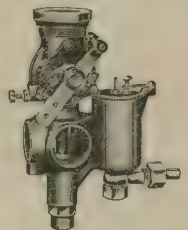
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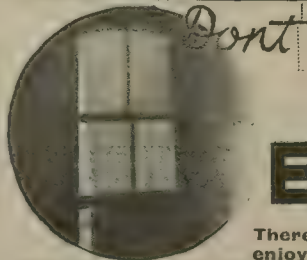
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER
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Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

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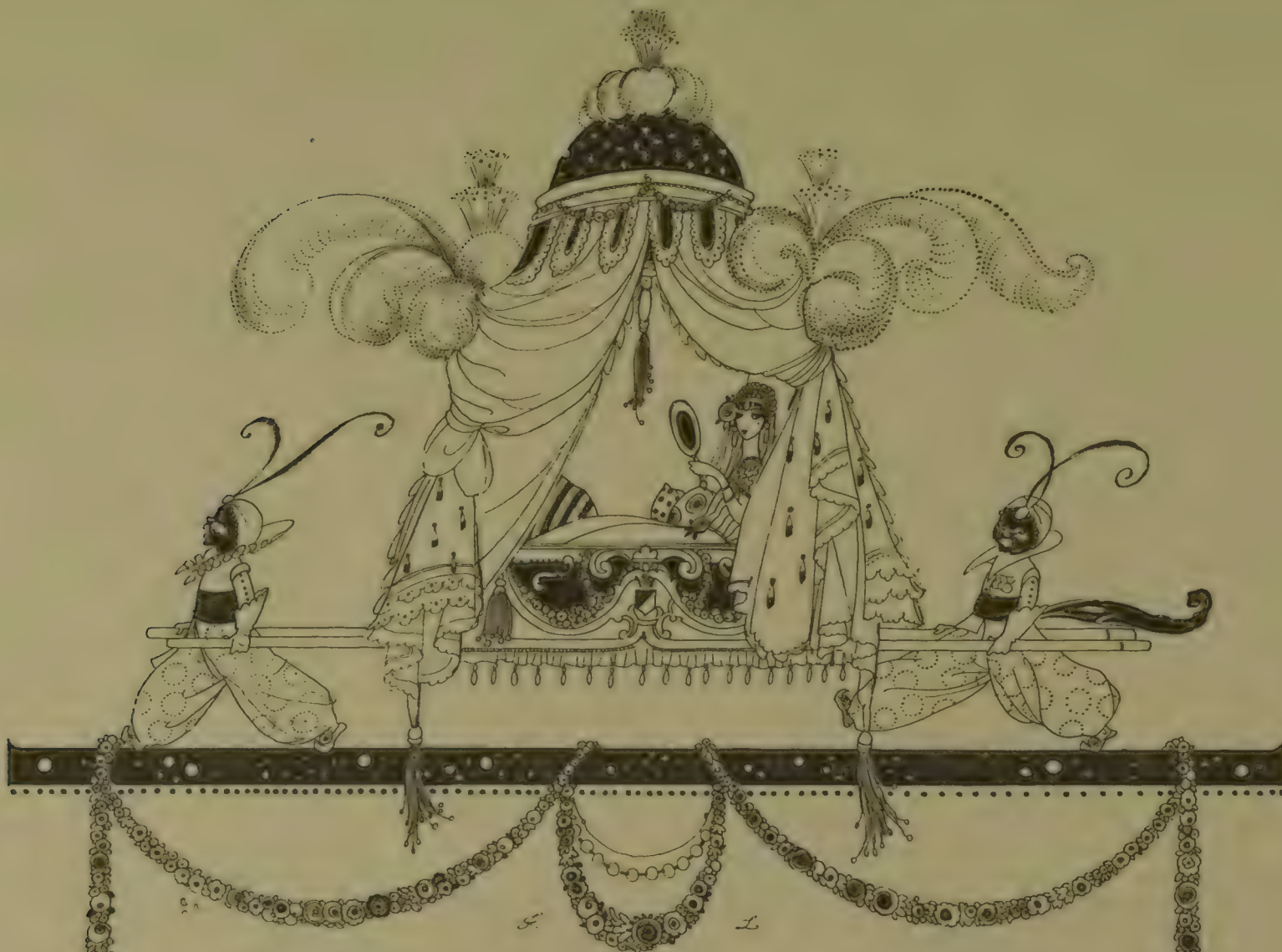
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Daddy's Christmas Dinner.

FROM THE PAINTING BY S. BEGG.



Princess of Rosyposia

BY
E. NESBIT.

NEVER in all the world, since the world first began to spin round and round, was such a baby as the Princess Zuleika.

Even the Royal Family's Historian, who was very careful indeed of what he wrote down in his Book of History of the Illustrious Royal House of Rosyposia, said that this was no more than the truth.

The Princess was born in the hour when the rose opens. The Historian took but one look at her as the Archnurse carried her out upon the Palace balcony to show her to the crowd and to the shining sun. Then straightway he went home to his study. Long before breakfast he had written the first three chapters of the part that was to be called "Concerning Zuleika, Crown Princess of Rosyposia: Her Life and Doings." Lots of things were to happen while he was writing the other chapters. But in those first three chapters he began well, saying in the longest and most beautiful words that there had never been such a baby.

For seven days nobody in Rosyposia was able to get anything by ringing the bell. That was because all the bells were ringing all the time. Nobody did any work in those seven days of high holiday, nobody but the Historian and the Master of the Court Ceremonies and the Archnurse and the nine Archnursemaids—each of whom wanted to hold the baby at least once in nine minutes—and the Rosegardeners who came out every hour to strew fresh rose-leaves up and down the streets.

"But," said the Rosyposian people, "we must remember that this is holiday-time. One cannot be always toiling and moiling."

That is quite true. It was very true indeed in Rosyposia, where, to say the truth, nobody ever does any work at any time. For the Rosyposians are the happiest and merriest and idlest people on the face of the earth. They are lazy to the very bones of them, and as frolicsome as so many kittens. When they go out to business it is only to dance in the rose-gardens or to fill their hats with rose-leaves. They dine on peaches in the summer-time—which is eleven months long in Rosyposia; and in the winter month—a delightful month, with a party every evening—they borrow nuts from the squirrels, promising to pay them back the day after the blue moon is full. It is a very good thing for the Rosyposians that, long ago, a clever Rosyposian taught the silk-worms to make one job of it. Rosyposian silkworms never leave off with a mere cocoon. That is why, if you are up in time to catch the early silkworm, you will find him finishing some beautiful silk gown all covered with silken embroideries. If it were not for the silkworms the Rosyposians would never have a thing to wear; but the silkworms keep them gay as tulips.

On the seventh day the Princess Zuleika was christened. That was a holiday indeed. The nightingales sang till dawn, and then the bells began again. In all the kingdom nobody had been left without a royal invitation. Each guest was at the Palace before breakfast time, and in the highest spirits. Alone the Master of the Royal Ceremonies was unhappy.

"I do like," he would say, "to see things done properly"—and how can you do things properly when the guests arriving at Court, instead of waiting to be arranged in their places according to the Golden Book of State Etiquette, come romping in, pelting each other with flowers, and dancing "Ring a Ring of Roses" round the Master of the Ceremonies? He was happier when the Fairy Godmothers began to arrive at the front door.

Each Fairy Godmother drove down the air in her gold coach. They are old-fashioned Princesses, the Fairy Godmothers; they have the grand manner. The Master of the Royal Ceremonies was quite pleased with them; he bowed until his spectacles fell off. But so soon as the Fairy Godmothers saw their new little godchild they fluttered round her like so many butterflies about a rosebud. They were almost pushing each other aside; each wanted to be the first to give the fairy gifts. Then they all spoke together like sparrows in a cherry-tree. The Historian, writing as fast as he could scribble in his note-book, could not





GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

The news that General Sir Douglas Haig had been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French in command of the British Army in France and Flanders came in a War Office Statement issued on Dec. 16, 1915. His name, already well known, has since become famous, as a result, chiefly, of the great battle of the Somme.

with its remarkable "pushes." Sir Douglas went out in August 1914, in command of one of the two Army Corps which made up Sir John French's splendid "contemptible Little Army," and did much excellent work before attaining his present position. He was born on June 19, 1861, and joined the 7th Hussars in 1885.



"THE GREAT OFFENSIVE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY BEGG.

put down half the list of what was bestowed on Zuleika. Never was such a baby: never would there be such a Princess for pretty ways and good luck and beauty and happiness.

It was over at last. The last Good Fairy Godmother had flown back to kiss the baby once more for the very last time when there was a noise in the air, a leathery flapping. Everybody looked up, and at once stopped laughing and dancing and singing and cheering.

For there was the Bad Fairy Godmother, the Fairy Malevola herself, getting out of her black cobwebby coach drawn by eight vampire bats. She was very late and very cross.

Royal Families are all afraid of Malevola. They do not dare to refuse her a place at christening parties. It is strict Court etiquette to send her an invitation: no good ever comes of it. Now on this occasion the invitation had been written. But the Queen had picked it out of the letter-bag and dropped it on the mantelpiece of the Throne Room. "We can always say," she said, "that it was an accident."

You cannot deceive Malevola. She takes no excuses. When the Queen faltered out the story of the envelope that had slipped out of the bag, Malevola looked at her with eyes like bradaws and said that she quite understood. She knew, she said, that she was growing older and that nobody loved her—that nobody wanted such an unfashionable old fairy at their parties. But she was such a very old friend—at least they would let her give one little gift to her godchild:

And with that she bent over the baby Princess, hissing in its face. "Born in the land of roses," she said, "my Zuleika shall be tended like a rose." The Queen gasped; was Malevola really going to behave nicely for once? She was not. With a last hiss, Malevola added, "Like a rose, for she shall have a gardener's boy as her husband." King and Queen and Historian—he was always listening—were the only ones to hear those words. Malevola skipped back into her coach, flicked the off-leader vampire-bat with her whip, and was off with a clamour of bat-wings.

So that was Zuleika's doom. She was to grow up dear and lovely and wise, to marry a gardener's boy.

The King died of it. He lingered for a week, refusing his peaches, refusing to smell a rose. He had been a very proud King, the only person in all Rosyposia who listened to his Master of the Ceremonies; and the Master of the Ceremonies had taught him out of the Golden Book that a Princess of the House of Rosyposia can only marry with the son of one of the other six Kings who have the right to be called "Your Most Majestic Majesty." Gardeners' boys have no real right to be called anything: you say "Come here" to them. The King thought about it until he died. The Queen did not want to live without him; she was buried on the same day under the same rose-bush.

Only the Historian knew what was to be Zuleika's fate. He wrote it in his book, which kept the secret: in Rosyposia the people do not read history—they hate it almost as much as they hate geography and sums.

Only the Historian knew, and that was why the Arch-nurse allowed Zuleika to grow up with a gardener's boy for her companion. The nearest Most Majestic King lived nine hundred miles away over the Blue Mountains: if his little children had come to tea with Zuleika they would never have got home by seven o'clock. There was some talk of a little Duke being allowed to play at ball with Zuleika: once he was brought by his nurse. But the Master of the Ceremonies worked the matter out, and decided that the Duke would have to kneel when Zuleika threw the ball to him, and bow seven times before throwing it back. The little Duke put out his tongue at the Master, and had to be carried away at once out of the Palace. There was Zuleika with no playmate but the Palace Ape and the Palace Cockatoo. Even the Master of the Ceremonies pitied her; he had a kind heart, although he knew that the Book of Etiquette must be obeyed. And when he found her playing with a Gardener's Boy hide-and-seek in the peach-garden, he let her go on playing with him. For the Book of Etiquette says nothing about Gardeners' Boys: they are like kittens or skittles or parrots—you may pretend that they do not really exist.

So Zuleika played every day with the Gardener's Boy, who was good and wise, and always ready to play. He taught her what to say to the ladybird when she drops from the rose-bush on to your hand, and how to tell the time by dandelions, and why it is lucky to find a pod with twelve peas in it, and the words you say to the new moon when you turn the money in your pocket. He played with her, and talked with her, and walked with her.



The Master of the Ceremonies smiled when he met them together; the more he studied the matter the more sure he was that Gardeners' Boys do not really exist. The two played on until the day when the Archnurse, chasing a moth away from the royal wardrobe, slapped the Historian's book upon it. When she opened the book to see if she had caught the moth, her eye caught the words which Malevola had spoken.

The Archnurse, a very sensible woman—whose rank, as the Master of the Ceremonies used to explain, was equal among women to that of an Archdeacon among men—went straight out into the garden and told the Boy to go away for ever. She added that the Princess Zuleika had asked her to see him off and lock the garden gate after him. He went very sadly through the gate, and did not answer the Archnurse when she said "Good afternoon." The next day the Princess had, once again, nobody to play with—nothing to do but to be a Princess. After she had been twice carried round the city in her State litter with the ermine and velvet curtains, with the great ostrich-feathers wagging above the star-spangled canopy, she bade her ebony-black pages carry it home again. When she got home she cried.

She cried until she awakened the secret of her mother's magic mirror. This mirror was of pale pearl: it had been fashioned out of a piece of one of the old moons. If your tears fell on the face of it, the mirror would do its best to cheer you. It was wet with the Princess's tears when the mirror-face showed her two eyes looking up at her. She knew them, for she had looked in them before—the eyes of the Gardener's Boy. But never before had she known that she loved the Gardener's Boy with all her heart, and that he loved her. She dried her own eyes, and took another peep in the mirror. The mirror was dry too: she saw nothing but the pearly stuff of the old moon. She moped. Said the Archnurse, "The Princess wants something to occupy her mind."

The very next morning she had it. Historical things began to happen in Rosyposia, where nobody wanted them to happen. If you had asked any Rosyposian the history of Rosyposia since the year when the Princess was born, he would have said, "The weather has been simply lovely." That was all the History they wanted: they were wise enough to know that History generally means something uncomfortable.

It was Zuleika's seventeenth birthday when History came meddling with the pleasant Rosyposian land. The morning was calm and fine—mornings were always like that in Zuleika's realm. Her first visitor was the Dolorous Princess.

The Dolorous Princess would not send up her name: she said she was the Dolorous Princess. Nobody could doubt it, for she was very beautiful, wore a Princess's clothes like a Princess, and had been weeping until her very slippers were soppy with tears at the toes of them. Her tale was as princessish as it was dolorous. So the Master of the Ceremonies himself led her to the Throne Room, where Zuleika, to whom he had sent a respectful warning, was sitting to receive her, perched up on the twenty cushions of her cosiest throne. The Master of the Ceremonies was happy enough: he was always happy when he could persuade anybody to ceremonialise nicely. But the Dolorous Princess splashed her tears on to the marble stones of the floor as she bowed to Zuleika, who was crying bigger tears for the loss of her Gardener's Boy. Even the Palace Cockatoo screamed woefully from his place at the edge of the fountain, whose waters fell like falling tears.

History is bad enough. The Dolorous Princess had not only History to tell. She began with Geography. One of the reasons why Zuleika's people hated Geography was that their Geography Book, before they threw the last copy of it behind the chest of drawers, began with "Rosyposia is a country bounded on the North by the Empire of Crawkarrion—" Everybody knew that if you were to go northward out of Rosyposia you would come to Crawkarrion; but who would be so silly? Crawkarrion—Crawkarrion was a place about which nobody would even whisper.

The very thought of Crawkarrion and its Eagle Emperor was enough to blight a Crimson Rambler. Between Crawkarrion and Rosyposia ran an iron railing laced with barbed wire: not the most curious of the Rosyposians ever wanted to climb over it. For if a Rosyposian, running a race with a butterfly or looking for the rainbow's end, came to the prickly fence, he turned his head and trotted homeward. For there, on the other side of the fence and beyond miles of black cinder-heaps, lay Crawkarrion, and Crawkarrion was a dreadful place.

It was just the sort of place that its Emperor had tried to make it. Its people were the crossiest, most ill-natured people in the world. Anybody who so much as said "Thank you" or "Please" went to prison as soon as the Imperial policeman could take him there. Crawk XIII., Eagle Emperor of Crawkarrion, lived at the middle of his realm in a palace built at the cross-roads. He spent his time in ordering his subjects to be cross, and to look sharp about it. Also he made long speeches about his ancestors, Emperors of Crawkarrion, praising them all from Crawk I. to Crawk XII., all except Crawk VII., who had disgraced his line by once speaking politely to a visitor. It was Crawk the Thirteenth's fancy to be taken for a real Eagle. Therefore he would sit all day on a perch, clad in a winged cloak of rusty eagle-feathers, pecking at raw meat and throwing lumps of it to his two pet eagles that always bit the fingers of callers at the palace. Everybody in Crawkarrion had to eat raw meat and pretend that he liked



it. There were no flowers, no fruits, and no singing-birds in Crawkarrion: the place smelled like a bird-cage that has never been cleaned.

Now it was the ambition of Crawk XIII. to make the world into a place just like Crawkarrion. He reckoned that with three million thoroughly cross people, trained to obey him with a jump whenever he spoke, he could just about manage it. Already he had one million under training in Crawkarrion. Rosyposia had exactly two millions whose stupid happiness could be banished if he had the dealing with them. So had the land of Honeypotia on the other side of Crawkarrion, which was ruled by another Princess.

Crawk XIII. proposed marriage to the Princess of Honeypotia. She burst at once into tears, gave her country to the Archduke of the Purple Islands—who had always wanted it—and fled far away, calling herself the Dolorous Princess. She stopped only an hour in Rosyposia—time enough in which to tell Zuleika that Crawk XIII. had his eye on Rosyposia and that its Princess was next on his list of possible brides. Then she cried her way out. It is said that she was happy at last in the remote city of Dumcrambo, where she lived very quietly, giving lessons in building card-houses. But she left Zuleika in a shocking state of mind.

For Crawk's offer of marriage came the very next day in an envelope with a deep black border, sealed with an eagle, and smelling of raw meat. Crawk wasted no paper in compliments: as he put it, he should fly over the fence for her within twenty-four hours.

Of course, she tore up the letter and trampled on it. Then she cried again, and begged everybody to give her the best advice. Most of the Rosyposians could give her nothing better than the advice to have a picnic, and try to forget about it on such a fine day. But the Master of the Ceremonies and the Historian thought as hard as they could. There was, they said, only one way out of the trouble.

She must marry somebody else before Crawk came over the fence.

"Very well," she said. "If I must, I must. I will marry the Gardener's Boy if you will find him."

The Historian turned pale. He thought of Malevola's prophecy. The Master gasped. It was quite, quite impossible. If she married outside the Seven Most Majestic Royal Families she would lose all her royal rights under the law of Rosyposia, which would pass at once to the nearest Sovereign—who was Crawk XIII. "We must send out messages," said the Master, "to all the Most Majestic Majesties, asking for a young Prince of cheerful habits." So messages were fastened under the wings of six doves that flew off at once.

Zuleika went on crying gently till tea-time. She was just going in to tea when the Historian, looking out anxiously for signs of Crawk, saw a little procession of seven royal pages in sky-blue silk and pearl necklaces coming with banners and nsegays up the front-garden path. With them was a handsome young Prince in a very great hurry, who rushed up the steps and into the Palace.

He behaved as a Prince should when he comes to offer his hand to a Princess. He laid on a cushion a box of very large rubies and diamonds and sapphires as though it were something not worth mentioning. He fell on his knees before Zuleika. And Zuleika, clasping her hands, purred like a Persian kitten.

It was the Gardener's Boy.

"But——" said the Master and the Historian together.

The Prince understood them. "I am the Gardener's Boy," said he.

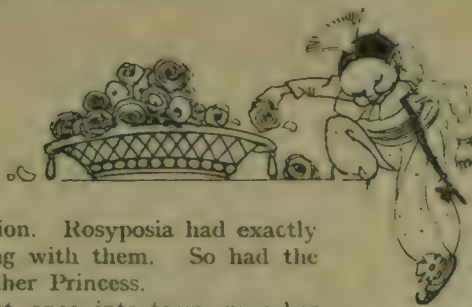
"Princess Zuleika," said the Historian, opening his book, "cannot marry anybody who is not——"

"But I am," answered the Prince. "I am the Prince Royal of the Marchpanian Mountains, where the nightingales are born. We are the oldest of all the real old Most Majestic Royal Houses, the rightful heirs of Adam. In honour of our founder, we have a golden spade on our banners: one of my father's oldest titles is Grand Duke of Eden Garden, and all our Crown Princes for a thousand ages have had to serve for seven years as Gardeners' Boys. It is the family custom! I obeyed it, and liked it very much. Yours is a lovely garden. Princess, will you marry the Gardener's Boy?"

She had to marry him. The Historian, jumping for joy, told her of Malevola's prophecy. The Master said that he felt sure Crawk would be there before supper-time. They were married in ten minutes. All Rosyposia came skipping and singing to the ceremony. An exceedingly inquisitive people, they had been waiting round the corner.

As for Crawk XIII., he never came after all. He also had been reading a prophecy that told how the Thirteenth Crawk, if he should be bold enough to step out of a nine-storey window, would soar upward with the eagle. He tried it just before starting for Rosyposia, and it was quite true. He fell to the ground with a smash and a crash, but the two favourite eagles swooped down after what was left of him and soared upward with Crawk XIII.

Before the eagles were out of sight several Crawkarrion folks had said "If you please." They eat no more raw meat, preferring strawberry-jam. Most of them have learned to dance, and their Parliament has had the fence taken down before inviting Zuleika to rule over them.—[THE END.]





"THE GREAT OFFENSIVE."

FROM THE PAINTS OF BEGG.



With Love, from Little Girl: The Letter for the Front.

FROM THE DRAWING BY DALLIOL SALMON.



From His Little Girl: The Letter from Home.

FROM THE DRAWING BY BALLIOL SALMON.



"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. FORESTIER



The Farm-hands' Christmas Dinner.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.



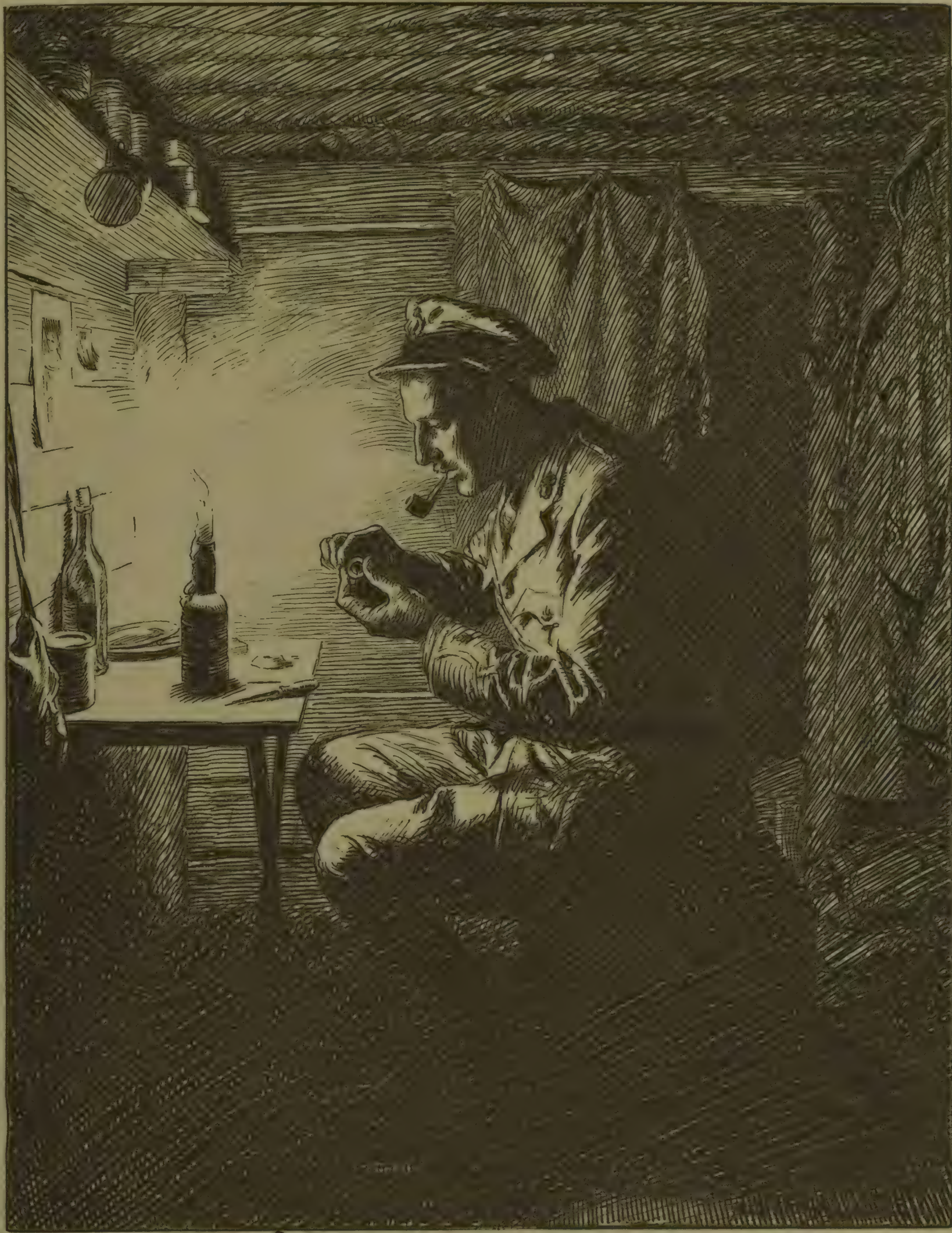
Christmas in the Ward.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.



Her Christmas Gift to Him.

FROM THE DRAWING BY F. PEGRAM.



His Christmas Gift to Her — The Trench Ring.

FROM THE DRAWING BY F. PEGRAM.



CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.



A Kiss from the Trenches.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN E. SUTCLIFFE.



Drawing Lots for Christmas Leave.

(This is done on occasion by those to whom leave is due at about the Christmas Season.)

FROM THE PAINTING BY S. HEGG.

THE GHOST THAT SAVED.

BY E. ST. JOHN HART.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

THE wind was howling dismally through the streets of the old city of Exeter, bringing with it at intervals fierce flurries of snow. The flickering gas-lamps—at times flaring explosively, and at times almost extinguished—fitfully illuminated half-whitened and deserted streets; and the cathedral, shrouded with snow on its weather side, loomed up spectrally in the gloom.

But in the warm and well-appointed study of William Meldon's comfortable house, situated about a mile from the cathedral, the wild, rough weather out of doors only accentuated the comfort of the bachelor host and his guest, James Halstock, when, having dined, they settled themselves in the easiest of chairs on either side of a small table, and for a brief silence gazed at the fire as they listened to the howling of the wind outside.

The two men were friends, their friendship dating from the time when Halstock had been saved from death by drowning. He had been swept by a wave into the sea when crossing the Channel to France; and Meldon, with great bravery, had jumped in after him and kept him afloat until he was rescued, with much difficulty, by a boat's crew from the steamer.

Meldon was a Devonshire man, with a serious though pleasant face, and a rather grave demeanour.

He had lived for a decade in South America, whence he returned prematurely aged, but with a small fortune, and had settled down at Exeter, in his native county. Halstock belonged to a West Country family, and was a member of the Junior Bar. He was several years younger than Meldon, with a lighter and more irresponsible temperament, and was now staying for the first time under his friend's roof.

"I see by this evening's paper," said Halstock, as he lit a cigar, "that they hanged that scoundrel Laban Ridge all to rights this morning in Exeter Gaol."

"Poor devil!" said Meldon. "I saw he was sentenced, and have avoided reading anything more on the subject."

"And I, on the contrary, have read everything about it, even down to the 'horrid details.' I noted with interest that he was almost the same weight as myself, so they gave him a long drop. If ever you come to be hanged, Meldon, they'll give you a short one. Big man, short drop; little man, long drop. That's the formula, I believe."

"What a gruesome idea," said Meldon, "to go about the world appraising your friends from the hangman's point of view!"

The other laughed. "I suppose it's in my blood to take an interest in these things. My grandfather

was one of the last of the 'hanging judges'; and I must say that, after a man has had a fair trial and been found guilty, I rather like to hear of them vindicating the law and—stringing him up."

"When John Bradford, Protestant Divine and Martyr, one of the purest, kindest, and best of men," Meldon said gravely, "in the heyday of his prosperity and influence, saw some criminals going to execution, he exclaimed, 'But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford.' That is what I always feel inclined to say when I hear of a man being hanged."

"Oh, really! But why?"

"You ask me *why*? Think of the possibilities within us all. Think of the narrow line between what, half the time, the world calls innocent or stamps as guilty. When I was on the nitrate fields there was a man who was haunted by the thought of a crime he had never committed. It was very lonely out there, and I came to know this man—the only man I ever really knew or ever shall know. It is not every day one can look into a man's soul. This Englishman, before he came to Chili, never had a chance. He had been tempted almost beyond the limit; in thought and intention had yielded, and all but committed some awful crime, but had been saved somehow. The details of his temptation? Oh, I forget.

It was to save someone—a woman probably—I think his mother," Meldon continued vaguely. "Whoever it was, she had used some money entrusted to her. They were both in the direst straits, but had managed to refund all but a small sum. Discovery meant arrest and imprisonment, which in turn meant death, for she was desperately ailing. This all so over-set his mental balance that he planned some desperate measure worse than the whole sum of evil he wished to avert. But he was prevented; and then Fortune did a *volte face*—the unexpected friend turned up and put all things right. But this man so brooded over what he might have done that at times I thought he would go mad."

"You were the unexpected friend," said Halstock, who had followed the recital with much interest. "I am always hearing of your giving away money and doing generous acts. You saved this man, just as you rescued me from the Channel."

"Oh, no," Meldon replied coolly; "I had nothing to do with saving him."

"Well," resumed Halstock, "crimes of passion and impulse are not in the same category with the acts of a professional criminal like Ridge. Twice sentenced to long terms for robbery with violence, suspected of one murder, and caught almost red-handed in another, he well deserved his death; and," he continued, looking whimsically up to the ceiling, "if his



"I see by this evening's paper that they hanged that scoundrel, Laban Ridge, this morning, in Exeter Gaol."

ghost is hovering above me now, it will share the proverbial fate of listeners and hear no good of itself."

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked Meldon, with interest.

"Not—exactly. Firstly, because I know of no well-authenticated instance of a ghost's appearance. Secondly, because their reputed acts seem so purposeless. But why do you ask?"

"Your mention of the word, and because I expect the Vicar to come in every minute"—Meldon wheeled round in his chair and contemplated the old clock in the corner which ticked loudly and monotonously—"and he believes in them."

"The man to whom you gave two thousand for his rescue-work?"

Meldon nodded.

"An old friend of yours?" queried Halstock.

"I knew of him before I left England," Meldon said. "I have only known him personally since my return, four—nearly five—years ago. He is one of the best fellows living, but he tells a strange ghost story about which I rather chaff him. You must hear him tell it—and here he is," he added, as the manservant threw open the door for the entrance of a small, dapper man with alert, kindly eyes set in a grave, clean-shaven face, with the unmistakable air of a clergyman of the Church of England.

"Standwick, I was but this second speaking of you—you and your ghost story," Meldon said, rising to his feet and shaking hands. "My friend, Mr. Halstock—who, by the way, is anxious to hear you tell it if you feel in the mood for so doing, after you have rested. Only, I must warn you that Halstock is like me—he doesn't believe in ghosts."

"But he will," Standwick struck in, with a purposeful ring in his voice; "and so will you, Meldon. Last night I received so striking and absolute a confirmation of my story that he must indeed be perverse who refuses to be convinced by the proofs I have to offer."



A small, dapper man with the unmistakable air of a clergyman of the Church of England.

As he spoke, he seated himself at the table and drew from his pocket what looked like an ill-written letter.

letter on a half-sheet of blue foolscap, his movements, in spite of the firm voice, betraying the man of a nervous, highly strung temperament.

"Last night," he continued, "my friend the prison chaplain wrote saying that the condemned person Ridge wished to see me, and at the same time enclosing the necessary permission for me to have the interview. I at once went, and was greeted by a strange look of welcome when I entered the condemned cell and——"

Halstock and Meldon exchanged a glance of astonishment.

"This," interrupted the latter, "of course, has nothing to do with your ghost-story."

"It has everything to do with it," Standwick rejoined.

There was a pause during which the clock ticked more audibly than ever.

"Well," said Meldon, evidently much surprised, "then it must concern the end, seeing that it only was known to you last night. Halstock, here, has not yet heard the beginning. Why not tell the tale in its proper sequence?"

"Certainly, if you wish it so; only I'm afraid your friend may find me a bit long-winded," said the Vicar, and placing the letter face downwards on the table, under his hand, he began—

"Mr. Halstock, you must know that some sixteen or more years ago, during my first curacy I was living at Wenleigh, near Exmoor, and was, by a parishioner's will, trustee of his estate, in which his widow, a Mrs. Elser, had a life interest. She received her income from the bequest quarterly, so four times a year I trudged seven miles across a corner of Exmoor to the bank at Dalcombe. There I received in gold and silver a sum of money sometimes amounting to over a hundred pounds and sometimes less, and returned with it to the widow, who farmed some land and required the cash for various expenses. Sometimes I was late in returning, and, except in the summer, my journey was made by twilight or after dark. To have gone by road would have involved my walking another five miles, but such an idea never entered my head, for I believed I knew every inch of that bit of



He drew from his pocket what looked like an ill-written letter.

Exmoor, wild, rough, and desolate as it appeared, and I made this trip some five times without meeting with adventure or mishap of any kind, and, as far as the return journey was concerned, without seeing a living soul.

"On the occasion of my sixth journey, which happened to be the 18th of April nearly fifteen years ago, I was rather later in leaving Dalcombe than usual.

"It had rained all the previous day, and all that morning. The rain had now ceased, but the sky was still heavily overcast, and the countryside was sodden, sombre, and forlorn.

"I set out from Dalcombe feeling strangely sad and depressed, partly, no doubt, on account of the sad aspect of Nature, but chiefly because that morning I had received a letter announcing the death at Cambridge of my dear friend and college chum, Forsyth. I had heard the church clock striking half-past six as I started on my return journey, but though the sun only set at six-twenty, owing to the weather it was already growing dark. The first three miles out of Dalcombe were all up hill, but this notwithstanding, I splashed along at a good pace, for I felt a stronger desire than usual to reach Wenleigh and deliver the money I was carrying, to Mrs. Elser.

"As I pushed on my up-hill way, the gloom settled down all about me; there had been a weird suggestion of light where the sun had set when I started, and this was still unobscured, and its effect even heightened by a great, dark cloud, that, after rising in the north-east, quickly overspread the sky, and then seemed to descend until it shrouded the very earth.

"When I had ascended to the vast, deserted level of the moor, I seemed to be walking amid the trailing fringes of this sombre, pall-like cloud, curling and wreathing themselves over immeasurable distances in the close and windless atmosphere. My spirits now drooped still lower, and, quite contrary to my usual habit, I allowed my mind to drift into a sad and tragic vein.

"I felt physically weary and worn out, and the small leather bag I carried seemed unduly heavy and cumbersome, to a degree altogether disproportionate to its size. It contained a hundred and twelve

been attacked and robbed, seeing that my movements and habits were known to a score of people at Dalcombe and elsewhere, and that the amounts of which I was temporary custodian were not likely to be minimised by rumour. Men had been stopped and plundered—aye, and murdered—for less than a tithe of what I carried, on scores of countrysides; and at this thought a miserable fear began to possess me, and I found myself looking sharply to the right and left, starting in affright at a clump of bushes, and involuntarily quickening my pace till twice I pulled up breathless from bursts of running, fleeing like the wicked whom none pursueth.

"On the second occasion, my career was stopped by my blundering over a stone and falling headlong into a slight depression which clean knocked out of me what little wind was left in my body. But on picking myself up and resuming my tramp at a soberer pace, imagine my fright, from what I have told you of my previous sensations—to find that I was no longer alone.

"What I took to be the figure of a big man—a huge fellow he seemed to me, with a big cudgel in his hand—a menacing-looking sort of man—was walking beside and keeping step with me at a distance of less than three paces.

"I stopped short on making this discovery with my heart dead within me, and the figure stopped also. I then started forward at a greatly accelerated pace, but the mysterious stranger still kept abreast of me seemingly without effort, and still held me, as it were, within reach of its formidable cudgel. Owing to the dusk and the wisps of mist curling about us, for we were walking, one might say, in the cloud that had settled down on the moor—I could only make out that the figure was shrouded in a blurred white or grey garment, that the heavy cudgel was distinctly visible, though the face was strangely muffled or obscured.

"Then it suddenly came to me, with a yet added qualm of terror, that I had heard no footfalls announcing the figure's approach, and that I heard none

(Continued overleaf.)



"I set out from Dalcombe feeling strangely sad and depressed."

pounds, nearly one-half of it in silver: and now for the first time in all these journeyings it flashed through my mind that there was considerable imprudence in my being alone on the moor at night with so much money in my possession.

"No sooner had my brain given birth to this thought than the idea became magnified a thousandfold, till I found myself wondering why I had never



"Four times a year I trugged seven miles across a corner of Exmoor."



The Pudding in Danger.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. M. PADDAY.

now. My own nail-studded stout walking-boots rang sharply from rocks and squelched through wet heather, but the unknown kept beside me stride for stride as noiselessly as the trailing vapours of the mist.

"Then I knew I was in the company of no earthly form, and in my sudden panic ran hard and far in the hope of being able to shake it off; but the apparition still kept beside me, still accommodated its pace to mine when breathlessness again compelled me to a walk. Whether all this that takes so many words to describe was the experience of minutes or an hour, it is now impossible for me to say. It seemed like an eternity to me. I remember recognising, in the dim obscurity, certain often-observed landmarks on the wildest part of the moor. I remember being conscious of passing; a little to the right of my track, a wide and deep ditch over which a dull light seemed momentarily to play. I can recall my nameless terror on suddenly becoming aware that the ghost who had been all the time on my right side was now on my left.

'After that I fairly lost my head, and ran as I have never run before in my life or since. I felt the presence of the ghost without daring to look at it, and I ran with my eyes starting from their sockets, with my mouth open and crying out I know not what, with my heart thumping against my ribs like the blows of a sledge-hammer, until at last a sudden blindness smote me; I experienced an appalling shock as if I had fallen headlong, and after that everything was a blank.

"When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed in the widow's house, with Mrs. Elser and a doctor bending over me. I had been lying there some days, they told me, delirious from shock; and as soon as I was well enough to have my inquiries answered, I learnt that I had been found almost at the widow's door, lying on the ground quite unconscious, with my bag, with its contents intact, still gripped in my hand and without the smallest trifle missing from my person. My story, needless to say, had a mixed reception; the simpler and more trustful of my parishioners believing my word implicitly, while the more sceptical and cynically minded, for a time at least, chaffed me unmercifully—a practice" (here he

glanced at Meldon) "followed by a few of the friends I made in later life."

He had been addressing this story, told not without a certain gusto and self-appreciation, directly to Halstock; and during the recital, Meldon's face had worn an expression of amused incredulity. Now the Vicar wheeled round in his chair, and, fixing Meldon

"'You never should,' said he, 'for I can now tell you, Sir, that you was never nearer your death than you was that night, and you never will be, till the moment comes as you have to die!'

"'How can you possibly know that?' I asked; 'and why do you say so?'

"'Well, Sir, this is the way of it,' he said. 'Me an' a mate of mine—Alf Culbrick, it was he as died in Portland—made up our minds to get hold of the money you carried that there night. I know'd as how you was carryin' a bag of money to the Widow Elser, an' I made up my mind as how I was goin' to get it, an', if so be, murder you. I'd have done it by myself only that folks said you was stronger than you looked, and knew how to use your fists, and then I thought as you might have a weapon of some sort about you. So I got my mate to join me on promise of sharin' the money, for I says we'll be two to one an' can do the job all to rights, even so be he do put up a bit of a fight. We waited in a ditch which we know'd you'd pass nigh on two hours an' more, for you was later than we reckoned on. It was pretty dark, with a lot of mist about, before we heard you a-comin' along, but when we put our heads over the ditch gettin' ready to jump out on you, we was staggered to see that, instead of one, there was two of you, and, what was more, your friend was a great hulkin' chap with a thumpin' stout club in his hand. To make more sartin, we just throwed a glimmer on you from a dark lantern; but there was no errer, an' we then know'd it was no go, for, instead of bein' two to one, as we reckoned on, it was one to one, an' one of you lookin' nigh a match for the pair of us. It seemed to me that your mate spotted us, an' we got in a holy terror an' crawled out on the farther side of the ditch an' cleared off as fast as we could leg it; but if it hadn't been for that there friend of yours you'd have been a dead man that night as sure as you're

standin' there. I had the very thin' I was goin' to kill you with there ready in my hand; an' you will never be nearer your death than you was that there night—till you comes to die!'

The Vicar paused, and, taking up the paper, on which his hand had been resting, passed it over to Meldon. "This," he continued, "is Ridge's sworn statement, which he wrote down at my request, with his signature duly witnessed by the Governor of the

(Continued overleaf.)



"A menacing-looking sort of man was keeping step with me."

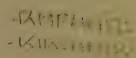
with his keen, grey eyes, directed his attention to him exclusively, and continued with added impressiveness.

"When I entered the condemned cell last evening, Ridge startled me by asking the question: 'Sir, do you remember the night of the 18th of April fifteen years ago?'

"'Yes,' I said, greatly astonished. 'It is the one night of my life I have cause to remember. I do not think I shall ever forget it.'



"After that I fairly lost my head, and ran as I have never run before or since. I felt the presence of the ghost without daring to look at it, and I ran with my eyes starting from their sockets."



[Original in Possession of the Bruton Galleries Ltd., 9, Bruton Street, Bond Street W.]

BEST OF FRIENDS.

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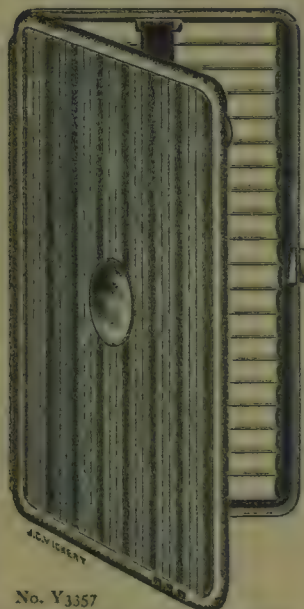
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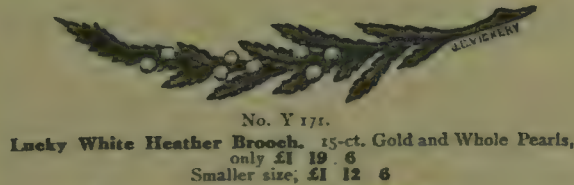
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gaol and one of the warders. His sole object in confessing was to make a clean breast of his crimes and misdeeds before going to the gallows. I think, Meldon, that neither you nor the most hardened sceptic, after this unsought corroborative evidence, can now fail to be convinced that, as I have always believed and stated, I was accompanied by a ghost on that memorable 18th of April!"

As he ended thus, very much in the manner and with some of the relish of a lecturer concluding his peroration, he suddenly became self-conscious and a trifle nervous. He seemed to shrink visibly, as if the virtue had gone out of him, and glanced from one man to the other with obvious embarrassment.

His two auditors paid him the compliment of silence for several minutes by the clock. Halstock, from his absorbed interest and expression, had evidently seen eye to eye with the Vicar. Meldon, for so grave and staid a man, looked flushed as if with excitement, and had followed the latter part of the story with marked attention and interest.

"I hope I haven't bored you," said the Vicar feebly, when Halstock had thanked him and effusively expressed his interest in the recital. "People—I mean friends, you know—sometimes tell me I'm a bit long-winded over it. But it's such a marvellous revelation to me—you understand, don't you? But there! I must say no more—I am finished with it. And really, Meldon, I must run away. I have overstayed my time—I only looked in, you know, on my way to visit one of my choirmen who is ill. No, no—not anything, thanks. Pray don't disturb yourselves. So glad to



"Lying on the ground quite unconscious, with my bag and its contents intact."

have met you, Mr. Halstock"—and with many protestations he got himself out of the room and descended the stairs with Meldon.

see on what grounds you refuse to accept such convincing testimony. Standwick's character, calling, and manner are surely sufficient proof of his

As he stood on the doorstep, shaking hands with his host, he again said, "I hope I haven't bored you with my long story, but I think you will understand that just now my mind is very full of the subject. Good-night," he murmured absent-mindedly, for the third or fourth time, and then passed out into the snow-covered street.

When Meldon returned to the warm study, both he and Halstock sat in thoughtful silence for some minutes.

Halstock was the first to speak.

"For the first time in my life," said he, "I have heard the story of a ghost convincingly corroborated, by the independent testimony of an outside eye-witness."

"I confess," said Meldon, "that I am astounded at this corroboration. In the four years I have intimately known Standwick and heard him repeating his ghost-story—not without boredom, I must admit—I never expected to hear it confirmed, much less confirmed in such a striking manner. It is an extraordinary coincidence."

"For my part, I am convinced," said Halstock, quite solemnly. "For the future, I shall not be able to help believing in that which heretofore I have regarded as a subject for derision."

"You believe, then, in the ghost?" asked Meldon in an incredulous tone.

"Certainly," replied the other. "Don't you?"

"No, no; I do not."

"Well, you must be an 'unbelieving Jew,' and for the life of me I fail to see on what grounds you refuse to accept such convincing testimony. Standwick's character, calling, and manner are surely sufficient proof of his

[Continued overleaf.]

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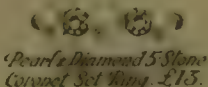
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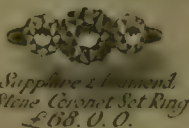
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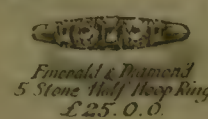
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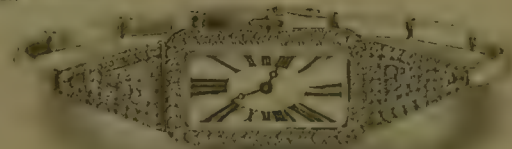
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"I have nearly finished the bottle of Embrocation you so kindly sent for my little patient. I am pleased to be able to tell you it has greatly relieved her. Before using it her cough was incessant and very painful. After a few rubbings with your Embrocation we found improvement; now the cough is much less frequent and does not distress her."

April 14th, 1913.

Translation of a Letter received from—

5, Rue de l'Ecotot, LOUHANS (Seine et Loire), FRANCE.

Louhans, 25th March, 1915.

Dear Sirs.—Would you be kind enough to send me as soon as possible and against reimbursement, three bottles of Roche's Embrocation for children with Hooping Cough. I have already used your Embrocation for my two little girls and I have cured them in a few days, this is why I am applying direct for your remedy, for I can find it nowhere in France, and my third little girl is suffering frightfully, and I hope to cure her with your Embrocation.
I am, Dear Sirs, Yours, etc.,
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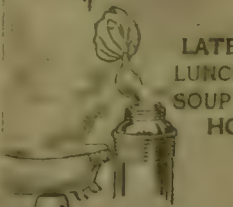
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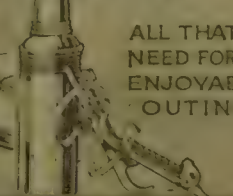
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LATE FOR LUNCH BUT SOUP KEPT HOT



ALL THAT I NEED FOR AN ENJOYABLE OUTING



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credibility. As for Ridge—admitting that habitual criminals are more prone to exaggerate than to palliate their misdeeds—it is unthinkable to imagine that a man literally on the brink of the grave should gratuitously blacken his soul with a concocted lie, absolutely objectless—he had nothing to gain by it—or that, without collusion with Standwick, he could have concocted a falsehood to exactly fit in with the former's story."

"You are on a wrong scent," said Meldon. "I credit Standwick with an implicit belief in his story and with telling the truth, as he thinks he knows it. I believe Ridge spoke of nothing he had not seen."

"Where, then, is your difficulty?"

"I have another theory."

"Man alive!" cried Halstock, with all the enthusiasm of a convert, "it was a ghost right enough! What is more, it was a ghost with an object—a beneficent ghost. Forsyth had recently died at Cambridge, and his wraith attended the man he had loved on earth to save him from meeting with a violent death. That's my belief!"

"Mightn't he have done so without frightening his friend into an attack of brain-fever?" queried Meldon drily.

"The mysterious and unknown are always terrifying to a man of not over-strong nerves," Halstock retorted. "But tell me your theory."

"The ghost was a man."

"A man, following Standwick over the moor! With what object?"

"Obviously, plunder."



"We just threw a glimmer on you from a dark lantern."

"Following him with intention to rob, and, if need be, to murder him?"

"Aye."

stead of taking the obvious course of springing out on him—attacking him at once, knocking him on the head, and seizing his bag. I can only say that

(Continued overleaf.)

Halstock leant back in his chair with a smile. "I see that you altogether dismiss the fact that at both a walk and a run, over a rough track, he moved altogether without noise."

"Surely that presents no serious difficulty," said Meldon. "Have you never noticed a London policeman on night patrol duty move noiselessly over an echoing pavement? Does a poacher after the roosting pheasants make much sound? Why, in South America, I have seen Peons running full tilt over flint-strewn rock, with what, anyone in Standwick's then mental condition, would describe as absolute silence. Standwick admits his own noisy tread—and the ghost kept step with him. List shoes and swathings, and a footfall drowned in the noise of Standwick's footfall, is the explanation of that mystery, I fancy!"

"And the weird, blurred appearance?"

"A draped sheet, or a house-painter's holland overalls, a mask or muffler about the face; the mist—and a heated imagination would account for all that."

"Very well," said Halstock, "grant all you say—and mind you, it is not on such details I base my belief. Then we have this footpad of yours, bent on robbing and murdering a man, taking the unnecessary trouble to masquerade in this extraordinary manner, and to walk and run alongside his victim for a considerable distance, in-

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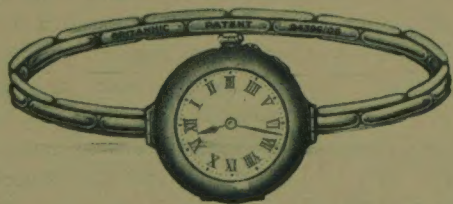
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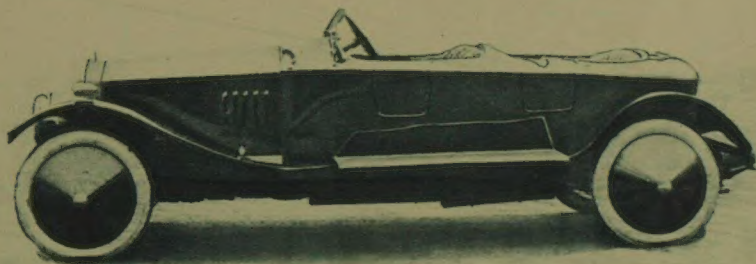
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his method sounds highly improbable, and is at variance with that of any footpad I ever heard of."

"That is where we are at issue," said Meldon.



"I hope I haven't bored you."

"You are thinking of a common footpad—a professional criminal, but I have an utterly different type of individual in my mind. Wait a minute—let

me explain myself," he continued as Halstock was about to interrupt. "I am thinking of an ordinarily decent fellow; our equal, really—only a much younger man—but so tried by stress and strain of circumstance as to be scarce recognisable as such. A man like the man I came to know on the nitrate fields; kindly, gentle, somewhat weak, not lacking in education, and yet one who had once hovered on the ragged edge of crime. Conceive such a one brought face to face with a frightful temptation. Moreover, recall the strongest momentary lust of money you have ever known, and multiply that a hundred—a thousandfold. Money, mark you, not for indulgence or ordinary wants, but to avert some dread and imminent calamity—death or lasting disgrace and ignominy—from someone loved better than self. A man of kindly parts would always dare more for his beloved than for himself. Grant this for a motive. Grant, also, that the man has exhausted all other measures, and has no lawful means of obtaining the money—that the calamity is frightfully imminent. And there comes the curate, an easy prey—and the crime, if discreetly carried out, may well baffle detection.

"In the temporary insanity induced by such circumstances, he resolves on committing the crime, and even considers ways and means. But don't imagine that he is not conscience-ridden—not tortured by the powers of good and evil warring within him. He grasps at straws. Perhaps fright may be made to subserve the purpose of murder. He will try that. He goes up to the moor in his ordinary attire, and there in the oncoming darkness equips himself for his part. But though he obviously terrifies the curate, the latter still keeps a firm grip of the treasure. The hypothesis was that he would let go his bag and bolt. Horror of the deed the man had intended as the last resort has obtained the upper hand during the period of waiting. He tramps beside his intended victim, fighting his conscience

striving out here in the darkness and loneliness to realise again the impelling motive in all its force, and so nerve himself to strike down or close with a defenceless man against whom he feels no animosity whatever. He has almost—"

"Stop!" cried Halstock. "This is where your imaginings go to pieces. Grant all that you say—and it is a large order—why does not the man, when Standwick falls senseless to the ground, quietly take his bag and clear off?"



Meldon started violently in his chair.

"Because he has given up the chase before that. Remember, Standwick admitted he did not see, he only 'felt'—for which substitute 'imagined'—that the ghost accompanied him to the end."

"Why does he give up the chase?"

"He is stopped."

[Continued overleaf.]

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The Time for Flags

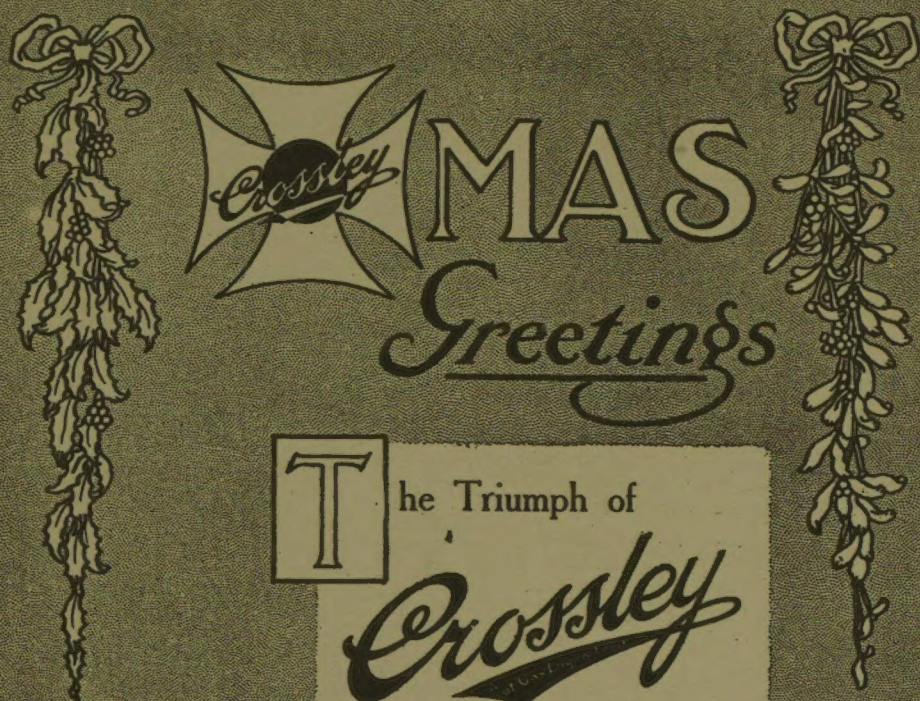


THE end of the war will be the time for flags—the end of the war will also herald the return of

SUNBEAM

cars, the post-war models being standardised upon the experience we are gaining to-day. They will be worth waiting for.

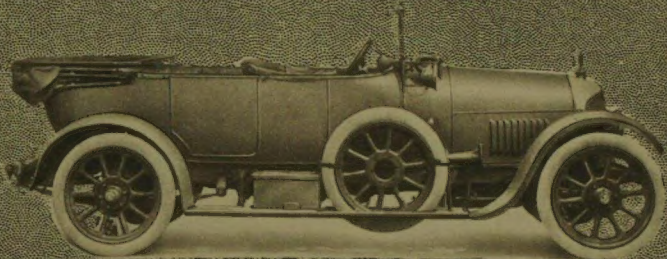
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ASK FOR

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SAFETY TREAD
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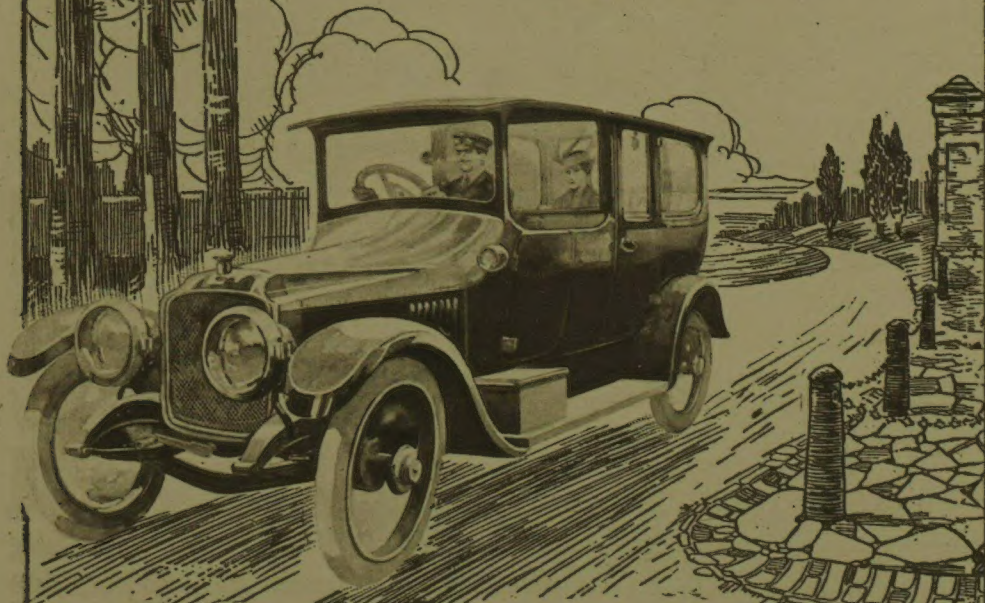
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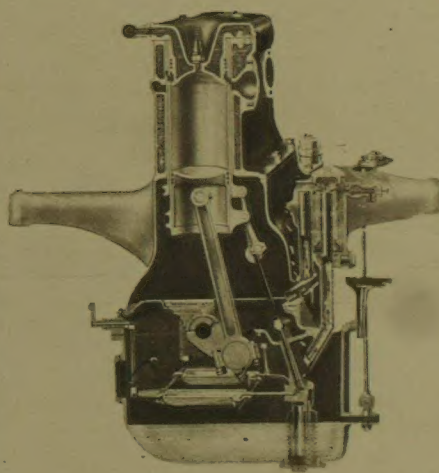
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The Daimler Company Ltd.,
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Daimler

"What stops him?"

"The sight of two men's faces, peering at him from over the edge of a ditch—and the flash of a lantern."

"What! Ridge and his mate?"

"Ridge and his mate. You seem surprised at that. But consider the stress of the mental conflict going on within him, consider his state of excitement. Think of the unexpectedness of that apparition. He never dreams of other malefactors. It is the last thing he would think of. These must be the guardians of the law—do you see?—the protectors of the defenceless. And, to heighten the impression—there is the lantern. Now, if a dark lantern is sometimes found in the hands of footpads and night prowlers, it is, as you know, the inevitable equipment of the police. Guilty conscience tells him, 'You have been suspected; you have been tracked down, and—now they've got you!' his overstrained nerves give way, and he flies incontinently—panic-stricken!"

There was a pause of some minutes, and then Halstock said: "It is an ingenious theory, Meldon, but one very difficult to accept. See what it leads to. In effect, they ask me to believe that three men, with connivance only between two of them, have an identical object, and set out of deliberate purpose, simultaneously, to waylay and murder a fourth. That not only do they so frighten one another as to bring their intentions

to naught, but that each of the parties—the one man on the one side, the two on the other—each in turn, in effect, act unwittingly as the pro-

Halstock gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"Yes!" he exclaimed; "it *would* be an extraordinary coincidence! You may well call it that.

So extraordinary—that no one could possibly believe it. I find it infinitely easier to credit the presence of a ghost. It's ingenious, as I say, but you may rack your brains to build up a fantastic theory——"

"Theory!" exclaimed Meldon hotly; "it's no theory! It's the facts I am giving you. The truth as I alone can know it!" And he brought his clenched fist down on the table.

"The truth!—as you alone—can know—you!" repeated Halstock in blank amazement.

Meldon started violently in his chair like a man suddenly awakened from a dream. He looked wildly about him, and then his eyes encountering the amazed stare of his companion, he gasped as if for breath, and sank his face in his hands.

The clock ticked monotonously for several minutes.

"This morning—Laban Ridge," Halstock heard him murmur in a muffled, broken voice—"died—on the gallows. On the gallows—but for the grace of God—might—have—hanged——"

There was a sound like a dry sob from the bowed figure. Then followed a long silence.

With his eyes unusually bright,

Halstock at length rose softly to his feet, and going up to his friend, gently laid his hand on his shoulder.

THE END.



Halstock, going up to his friend, gently laid his hand on his shoulder.

tecting genius of the man they designed to murder." "That is what makes it so extraordinary a coincidence."



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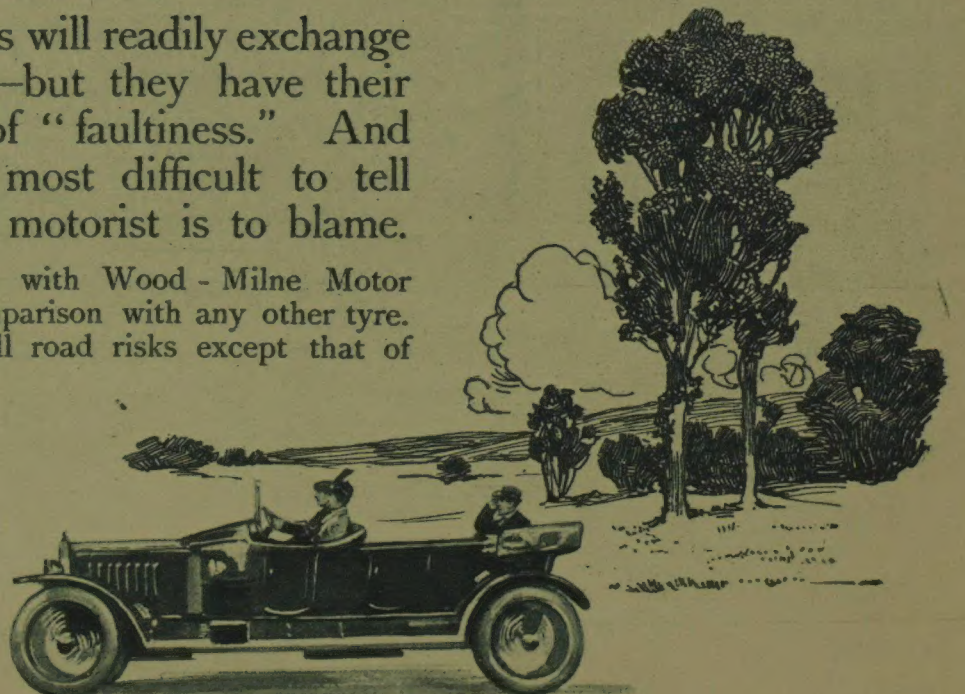
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